Saturday Review

DECEMBER 18, 1954 / 20¢

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Library
East Orange, N.J.

CHRIST VS. SOCRATES
By Reinhold Niebuhr

LET'S END OUR CALENDAR CHAOS
By Lacy Donnell

SUSAN SHENTALL gives a sensitive portrayal of Juliet opposite Laurence Harvey in a new version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." (See SR Goes to the Movies)

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SR's Library Poll

A MAN who moved himself from Italy to America, and helped move the rest of us from the Steel Age to the Atomic Age, Enrico Fermi—gentle and quiet and wise—was one of the best loved of the nuclear physicists. He died last week of cancer, not long after his wife had finished a record of the effect of these changes on the family and her portrait of her great husband, "Atoms in the Family" (#18 on *SR*'s list).

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
3. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)**
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
6. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
7. **Katherine**
   by Anya Seton (F)
8. **R.S.V.P.**
   by Elsa Maxwell (G)
9. **My Brother's Keeper**
   by Marcia Davenport (F)
10. **The View From Pompey's Head**
    by Hamilton Basso (F)
11. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
    by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
12. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
13. **No Time for Sergeants**
    by Mac Hyman (F)
14. **The Woman Within**
    by Ellen Glasgow (G)
15. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
16. **The Fall of a Titan**
    by Igor Gouzenko (F)
17. **My Several Worlds**
    by Pearl Buck (G)
18. **Atoms in the Family**
    by Laura Fermi (G)
19. **Good Morning, Miss Dove**
    by Frances Gray Patton (F)
20. **The Mind Alive**
    By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)

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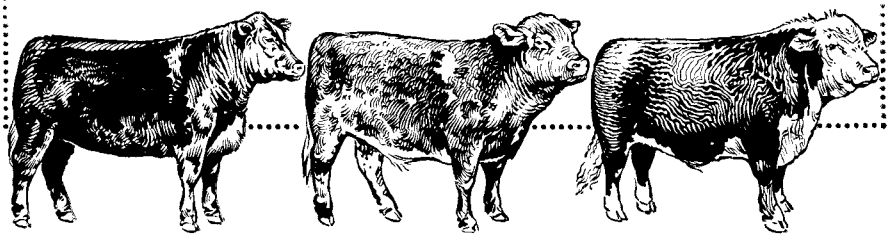
* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

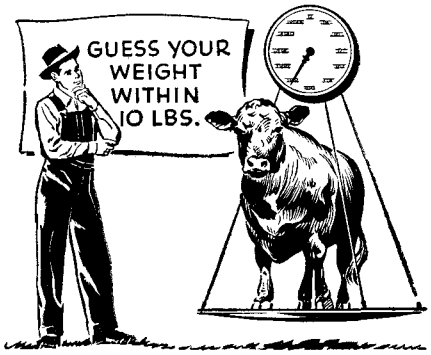
QUICK QUIZ for BEEFEATERS

If you know the answers, you are qualified to converse (or argue) with authority in the company of visiting cowboys, eminent economists or the waiter who serves you your steak.



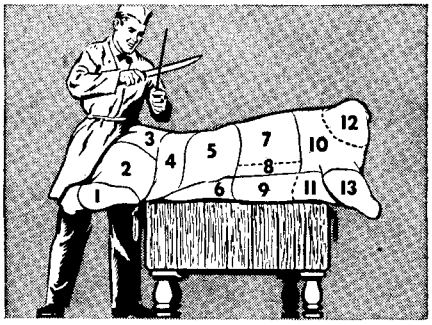
Q. Which steer will make choice grade beef?

A. The grade of the meat can't be established definitely until *after* the steer is dressed. But to be a buyer for a meat packing plant you'd have to be able to judge not only what the grade will be, but the meat yield within 1%.



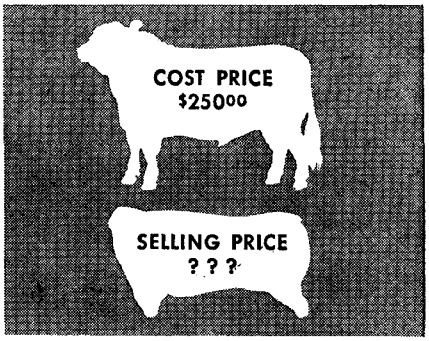
Q. How many pounds of beef in a 1000-lb. steer?

A. Dressing percentage varies from one animal to another but on the average, a steer that weighs in at 1000 lbs. "shrinks down" to 600 lbs. of dressed beef. A steer that brings 25¢ per lb. *on the hoof* (for example) actually costs the packer about 40¢ per lb. *for the beef.*



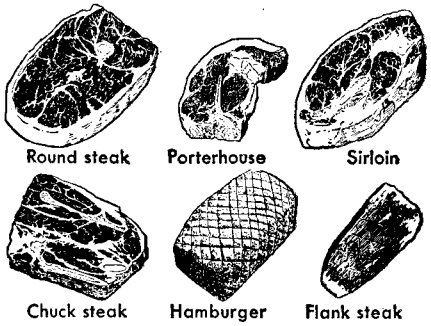
Q. Where does sirloin steak come from?

A. On the side of beef pictured, the sirloin section is No. 4. Only about 8% of a side of beef is sirloin. There is over 5 times as much pot roast, stew meat and hamburger in a side of beef.



Q. If the meat packer pays $250 for a steer, what can he expect to get for the dressed beef?

A. $250 or less. Meat packers frequently sell the beef for less than they paid for the animal on the hoof. Overhead costs and profit must come from recovery and sale of by-products, such as hides for leather, glands for medicine.



Q. Which is the best steak for broiling.

A. Opinions differ, but if you name Porterhouse as your first choice, remember there are only a few cuts of Porterhouse on a 300-lb. side of beef. That's why it naturally costs more.

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 18, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

7 CHRIST VS. SOCRATES, by Reinhold Niebuhr

9 LET'S END OUR CALENDAR CHAOS, by Lacy Donnell

22 EDITORIAL BULLETIN BOARD

SR/BOOKS

10 POEMS: 1923-1954, by E. E. Cummings
An Essay-Review by David Burns

11 POEMS: 1939-1952, by Edward Shanks
OCTAVIAN SHOOTING TARGETS, by Arthur Gregor
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

13 AMERICAN HERITAGE, edited by Bruce Catton
Reviewed by Wayne Andrews

14 THE AMERICAN REBELLION, by Sir Henry Clinton
Reviewed by Willard M. Wallace

14 POLTROONS AND PATRIOTS, by Glenn Tucker
Reviewed by John K. Mahon

16 TREASURES OF THE GREAT NATIONAL GALLERIES, by Hans Tietze
Reviewed by S. Lane Faison, Jr.

17 EIGHT EUROPEAN ARTISTS, edited by Felix H. Man
Reviewed by Robert Goldwater

17 THE NATURAL HOUSE, by Frank Lloyd Wright
Reviewed by Wayne Andrews

18 THE ECONOMIC STATE OF NEW ENGLAND, edited by Arthur A. Bright and George H. Ellis
Reviewed by Seymour E. Harris

19 MAN, MOTIVES, AND MONEY, by Albert Lauterbach
Reviewed by Andrew S. Roscoe

20 KING OF COMEDY, by Mack Sennett
Reviewed by Arthur Knight

21 HAVE TUX WILL TRAVEL, by Bob Hope
Reviewed by Lee Rogow

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

8 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

24 SEEING THINGS: PARISH GREENE, by John Mason Brown

26 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight

28 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon

30 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

31 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

33 LITERARY CRYPT

42 KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTIC No. 1082

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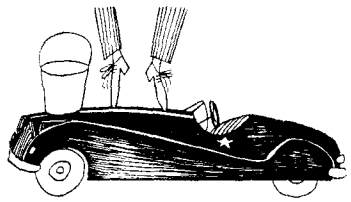
TRADE Winds

IT'S A BIG COUNTRY. . . .

THINGS WERE POPPING down in Texas last week. A big shot in Houston added two Jaguars to his fleet of automobiles. He explains he'll use them to stand on while he washes his Rolls Royces and Cadillacs. His wife, redecorating the



house, went in for well-to-well carpeting. During a recent torrid spell she complained the heat was getting her down. "You don't have to stay here," pointed out her spouse. "Pack your bags and light out for other parts." "What good would that do?" she countered. "It's just as hot every place else in Texas!"

In a nationally known department store in Dallas, where, if you search hard enough, you can pick up a handkerchief for as little as $8.75, they staged a Holiday Fashion Exposition that had the customers hanging from the rafters. So many well-heeled Dallas ladies—and their husbands—turned up, in fact, there was no room left for the models to change their costumes on the exhibition floor. A special elevator whisked them up two flights, where an assembly line, similar to the Ford set-up at its Highland Park plant, lay in wait for them.

One attendant yanked away their hats. Another unzipped them and peeled off their dresses. Another pulled off their shoes. At the end of the line each model stood in her barest essentials waiting for her next costume to be trotted out.

Things were going swimmingly, the crowd cheering, the models changing into ever more dazzling—and expensive—ensembles, when a slight hitch marred the proceedings.

The haughtiest and wealthiest customer of the establishment stepped blithely into the wrong elevator. . . .

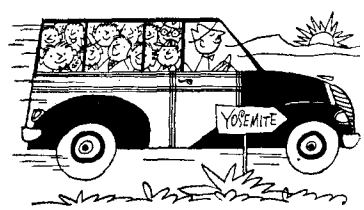
Do I have to go on with this story?

IN DETROIT, J. L. HUDSON'S circulating library, long the biggest and busiest in the Midwest, has been abolished—a victim to the vogue of the paperback and the decentralization trend that has sent many faithful subscribers into the suburbs—too far from downtown Detroit to justify their riding in just to exchange a book. The space once occupied by the circulating library is now devoted to the stamp and rare-coin departments.

The remainder of Hudson's crack book section, however, is hitting on all cylinders. Personnel are rejoicing over the accolade bestowed upon them by columnist E. V. Durling. "A customer," he wrote, "asked for a book they didn't have in stock. Instead of giving him the brush-off, Hudson's sent all the way to London for it. The book, incidentally, was an unusual novel called—'The Face,' by Dr. Charles Willi, celebrated British plastic surgeon. . . ."

Durling's column, which ran in the *Detroit Times*, had an unexpected aftermath. One hundred and forty other customers suddenly decided that they too wanted a copy of "The Face." Orders came from as far away as San Francisco and New Orleans, where Durling's column is syndicated. Hudson's regarded this as a challenge and, although the book had been out of print in England for years (to the best of anybody's knowledge, it never was published in this country at all), they rounded up over a hundred copies in second-hand shops and London remainder houses. "Just the usual Hudson service," boast book buyer Vincent Rivers and his popular assistant, Loretta Wetzler. Next time, however, they hope Mr. Durling will write about "Love Is Eternal" or "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

THERE'S A YOUNG MAN in Grosse Pointe, exclusive Detroit suburb, who is cashing in on one of the best ideas ever developed for the edification and enthrallment of the average teen-ager. The young man's name is Chet Sampson, and it was his inspired notion to conduct two five-week tours every summer—one for boys, one for girls—through the glories of the American West. They travel via stationwagons, scrupulously chaperoned, and "rough it" in sleeping bags in Yosemite. the



Rockies, the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, and Yellowstone, winding up with a tour of Hollywood and a night at Bing Crosby's California ranch. A "chuck wagon" accompanies the group, serving up such unlikely delicacies as banana-cream souffle in the middle of Bryce Canyon. Participants come home with a host of memories and a new appreciation for the country in which they live. The price is reasonable, and the company chosen only after careful screening.

For details, write to Chet Sampson, 100 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe 36, Michigan. How I wish I was young enough to go on one of these tours myself! While I have nothing but respect for world travelers, I'm not forgetting that some of my friends come back from abroad raving about sights that can be trumped tenfold right here at home. Interesting types? They can be found at every American roadside inn—along with better food and a finer cup of coffee than you'll get at the snazziest tourist-trap in Paris or Antibes!

IN CANTON, OHIO, Beulah Canterbury, whose Canterbury-Craine Book House is one of the most prosperous and attractive "personal" shops in the

country, introduced me to a man who had another wonderful idea (the USA is full of them). Father Robert Barrett felt that censorship or *blitzkriegs* by policemen were not the way to clean out those "horror comics" polluting juvenile minds these days. He decided to appeal to the kids themselves—and in a way calculated to enlist their immediate support. He organized "Operation Book Swap."

To Courthouse Square on the appointed day—provided with free transportation by the Canton Bus Line—trooped thousands of kids, armed with piles of sleazy "comic" books, old and new. The lure was the offer of one really good book of their own choosing for every ten comics they turned in. The comics were destroyed while they

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watched. The kids marched off with brand-new books—illustrated classics, titles in the various new historical series, publications of the Boy and Girl Scouts—all kinds of worthy volumes contributed by enthusiastic citizens.

Everybody, including the mayor, pitched in. Long before the scheduled hour of closing Father Barrett's committee ran out of books, but the kids who went away emptyhanded left their names and addresses. They'll get their exchange books in time for Christmas. The local radio station, which covered the affair brilliantly, donated a set of the Book of Knowledge to the kid who brought the largest number of comics to the swap. The winner produced a pile of 370 and announced, furthermore, that he had read every one of them!

FATHER BARRETT'S IDEA seems good enough to me to be copied by other communities all over the country. It meets head-on a problem that confronts every parent. I am constantly being asked how we cope with the comic-book menace in my own home.

I explain that my wife, Phyllis, and I are convinced that the surest way *not* to achieve our objective is to tell our two boys they can't have a comic book in the house. Forbid something to a kid altogether and it becomes infinitely more desirable to him immediately. It was our bright idea to give our Chris and Jonny *too much* of a good thing. When they asked for one comic book we threw four at them. In this way, we reasoned, they'd get sick of the darn things by themselves.

Anybody is free to try this system of ours. There's been only one slight catch in it up to now. It hasn't worked.

IN CHICAGO'S famous Pump Room, I discussed with Danny Kaye the exciting possibility of his playing the lead in a screen adaptation of Mac Hyman's hilarious "No Time for Sergeants." Danny interrupted with the story of Mr. Nussbaum, who went to the Malay Peninsula to hunt tigers. "What," scoffed a friend, "is a man named Nussbaum doing risking his life with tigers?" "You don't understand," said Nussbaum loftily. "This was a safari to end all safaris! There is no thrill like stalking through the jungle, knowing that a great, man-eating tiger may leap at you any minute." "Nu," said the friend, "how many tigers did you kill?" "None," admitted Nussbaum. "The safari was a failure then?" persisted the friend.

"Of course not," maintained Nussbaum. "It was a glorious success. When you're hunting tigers none is *plenty*."

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 18, 1954

CHRIST vs. SOCRATES

A Remonstrance for Christmas

EDITOR'S NOTE: December 25 approximates the winter solstice, when the sun ceases its northward motion and begins to descend again to the Equator—presaging spring. For this reason both pre- and post-Christian pagan peoples set aside this particular day: the Mithraists celebrated the birth of the "Sun of Philocalus" on December 25, and the Angli of Britain their "mother's night." For Americans the ritual aspects of the day seem to have been swallowed up in gift-giving and -getting, expressions of the good-will which Jesus taught. Nonetheless, for Christians the point of the day must be that it is the birthday of Christ. To emphasize the unique place of Christmas *SR* has asked Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary, world-renowned Protestant theologian and critic, to discuss Jesus Christ as Founder of the Faith.

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE discussion in a group of enlightened moderns centered on comparison of the outstanding moral exemplars in world history. Inevitably, as in college days of bygone years, Socrates and Christ were presented as outstanding exemplars of virtue. That was not surprising. In purely moral terms there was little to choose between the "martyrdom" of the two: Socrates drinking the cup of hemlock and Jesus on the Cross. (It is significant that a martyr's death is regarded as the supreme act of goodness in an age which implicitly defines the end of life as "the pursuit of happiness." But perhaps this observation is beside the point.) The point of the discussion was that the champions of Socrates were quite convinced that Christ would have a far better chance with our generation if Christians did not insist on confusing the issue by making absurd claims for His divinity. These claims, it was felt, were unfair and prejudiced His example.

This debate illustrates the profound misunderstanding between a so-called "secular" and idealistic culture and the character of the Christian faith. The idea that Christians are unenlightened people who insist on incredible divinities in human life is very widespread. It obscures the real debate between a "Socratic" and a Christian view of man and the mystery of existence. And this second debate is centered on different issues from the relative merits of Jesus and Socrates as moral exemplars.

We may define as "Socratic" any view which shares Socrates's conviction that men "would do the good if they only knew it." This conviction makes virtue the consequence of reason and naturally assumes that the only prerequisite of good conduct is the right formula and exemplar of good conduct. In contrast to this Socratic view, which has been accepted by most moderns since the Renaissance, and which seemed to have triumphed completely over Christianity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we can put the simple Pauline confession: "The good that I would do I do not do and the evil that I would not, that I do." According to the Christian interpretation every man is at variance with himself and ultimately with God because there is a "law in his members which wars against the law that is

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in his mind." The acceptance of the highest ideals of conduct is no guarantee against the force of self-regard, expressed either individually or collectively. Much evil is undoubtedly done in sheer stupidity, but the basic human problem is the constant expression of the self's pride, will-to-power, and avarice. Bertrand Russell defines the basic human inclination as the desire for "power and glory." That is probably as good a definition of sin as any.

But what has this analysis of the human situation—which any thoughtful observer must recognize as being more illuminating about man, particularly man in the contemporary setting, than all the Socratic interpretations which try to derive virtue from intelligence—what has this to do with the worship of Christ as a revelation of God?

In answering that question we must recognize that interpretations of the self and of the ultimate mystery of existence are closely related. The conception of the self's freedom to defy the laws of its own existence is part and parcel of the Christian conception of the self's radical freedom, particularly its freedom over its own mind. In short, the self has a mystery which cannot be equated with its reason. The self uses its reason but it is not reason. The self has the freedom to transcend nature and reason to survey all the world's coherences and rational intelligibilities and to inquire after the source and end of the meaning of its existence. This freedom either proves the existentialists right in their insistence that the self has no law but its freedom; or it points to the validity of the Biblical faith that there is a deeper and higher source of meaning than the coherences discovered by science and philosophy. The Biblical faith, in short, does not equate God with cosmic reason any more than it equates the self with its own reason. It declares that the mystery of the divine is related to the mystery of creation, and that creation is not identical with the causal sequences which science can chart. The worship of God is thus in the first instance the worship of "God, the Almighty maker of heaven and earth," the mysterious power transcending the causal sequences and coherences of the world. It must be noted that only on the presupposition of such a God does the self have "headroom" for the unique freedom which gives it a vantage point above natural and rational coherences. This divine source and end of all things is a mystery beyond every rational intelligibility, though it is the capstone of every system of meaning.

PERHAPS the reader will impatiently insist that faith in a mysterious creator-God and the knowledge of the radical character of human freedom still leave us far from any knowledge of faith in Christ as the revelation of God. In an effort to draw nearer it may be relevant to observe that the modern "Socratic" culture has not stated the questions for which such a faith is the answer, even if it acknowledged the reality and the "dignity" of human selfhood. It did not do so because it prided itself on the "dignity" of man but never came to terms with the "misery" of man. Briefly, that "misery" is man's inclination to use his freedom not as the instrument of virtue, but as a tool of self-glorification, and consequently as an instrument of social strife and injustice. There has been a strain of uneasy conscience in human life, to which the Babylonian penitential Psalms and the Pyramid texts of Egypt first gave eloquent expression. It expressed itself before and outside of the Biblical faith. It has only been in this post-Christian era of Western civilization that men have tried to obscure the guilt, in which all men are involved, and to pretend that the problem of being "good" could be solved if only men had the proper moral exemplars. Ironically enough, it is this age which has involved us in the collective guilt of possible atomic warfare and has initiated even the "pure" scientists into the problem of guilt, as they found themselves unwittingly becoming the weapon-manufacturers of an atomic age.

Through all ages men have wondered about the divine mystery which hovered over the strange drama of human history and was obviously more than the mystery of creation. They felt that the meaning in the mystery obviously spelled judgment upon evil, but they wondered how mercy and forgiveness were related to the judgment.

It was to these questions that the revelation in Christ offered the definitive answer. The Church was founded on the faith that this revelation was final and definitive. The drama of Christ's life was seen by faith to be more than a drama in history, and therefore Jesus was more than a revered historical martyr. This drama furnished the clue to the ultimate mystery. Through it faith was able to discern that the power of God and the love of God are one; and that the love of God contains both the severity of his justice and the kindness of his mercy to those who contritely acknowledge their sins and cease to pretend that men are virtuous and possess a "dignity" which is not contaminated by the false and idolatrous use they make of their freedom. The Christian doctrine of the "Atonement" asserts that judgment and forgiveness are contradictory, yet two facets of the same divine love. Those who recognize this clue to the mystery will stop pretending they are more righteous than they are; and will, with broken spirit and contrite heart, be enabled to live charitably with their neighbors.

Humility is the basis of charity. This age, which has extolled "human-

(*Continued on page 37.*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ADOPTED AND ASSUMED

Occasionally fictional characters have been placed by authors in positions where it was necessary, expedient, or advisable for them to use adopted names. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to match ten such aliases listed on the left to the characters' original names on the right. Allowing ten points for striking a perfect match, a score of sixty is a spark, seventy a flame, and eighty or better a bonfire. Answers on page 37.

1. Ganymede	( ) Sir William Thornhill
2. Father Madeleine	( ) Lucas Burch
3. Jack Stapleton	( ) Gilbert Cannister
4. Joe Brown	( ) Edward Leeford
5. Monks	( ) Mademoiselle de Maupin
6. Oliver Erwenter	( ) David Owen
7. Julian Dulcimer	( ) Rosalind
8. Jaffa Codling	( ) Wilfred Tasbinder
9. Mr. Burchell	( ) Rodger Baskerville
10. Théodore de Sérannes	( ) Jean Valjean

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LET'S END OUR CALENDAR CHAOS

By LACY DONNELL

FOR MORE than a century business leaders, churchmen, and scientists have been trying to do something about our calendar—which is sadly out-of-date. Twenty years ago, when Harry Truman was an unknown freshman Senator, he dashed off a letter saying he favored revising the calendar but wasn't going to give it any serious thought "because it would take a Pope Gregory the Great or a Julius Caesar to put these changes into effect." Now, because of a simple step taken by the U.N.'s Economic and Social Council, we the people for the first time in history have a practical opportunity to pitch in and end the chaos in our calendar.

Last summer the eighteen nations on the Council unanimously adopted a resolution asking all Governments, whether U.N. members or not, to study the problem of calendar reform and present their views by May 1955. So, in every country where the voice of the people counts the coming months are decisive. Every Government must stand up and be counted, and every citizen can bring his weight, and the weight of his industry, business, profession, clubs, and associations to bear upon his Government. If enough Governments favor a new calendar the Council will probably turn to the General Assembly, which can then draw up an international convention to be submitted for ratification by the various Governments.

The calendar everyone is talking about is the twelve-month, equal-quarter plan called the World Calendar. In this proposed calendar every year is exactly the same; January 1 is always a Sunday. Each month has twenty-six weekdays plus Sundays. January, April, July, and October, the first months of each quarter, have thirty-one days; the other months thirty. The calendar is stabilized by ending the year with a 365th day which follows December 30 and is dated W, or Worldsday, a world holiday. (Leap-Year Day is similarly added after June 30 every fourth year, and becomes another world holiday.)

With such a streamlined calendar, department stores would know, for example, that every December has five Saturdays and that four of them always come before Christmas. Household budgeting would be easier, since each month has the same number of weekdays. Homes, schools, social life would run more smoothly. And the new calendar would make it easier to shift other holidays so a dozen long weekends a year would be possible.

The World Calendar is a workable synthesis of many proposals. Its key feature reaches back to 1834 when an Italian priest, Abate Marco Mastrofini, was struggling with the puzzle of how to fit weeks, months, quarters, and half-years into a year of 365 days. Since 365 is divisible only by five, the puzzle had stumped the experts. But Mastrofini hit upon an ingenious solution: take the 365th day out of its weekday sequence, treat it as an extra holiday without a weekday name, and thus obtain, in effect, a year of 364 days, which can be divided evenly into fifty-two weeks. By the simple device of having one "blank" day any date of a given month will fall on the same day of the week every year.

Half a century later, when the Astronomical Society of France conducted a calendar improvement contest, the first prize was won by an astronomer, Gustav Armelin, who adopted Mastrofini's blank day. Armelin's plan made the quarters all equal, each three months having a first month of thirty-one days followed by two months of thirty days each. The decades brought such refinements as making Leap-Year Day another "blank" day, and starting the year on Sunday. One of the virtues of this calendar is that it avoids tricky artificialities such as the ten-day week and three-week month adopted by the French Revolutionists back in 1789, and the five-day week, which Soviet Russia tried and discarded.

THE first important businessmen's support of a new calendar came in

(*Continued on page* 35)

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THE AUTHOR: Edward Estlin Cummings, whose skirled, generous vision of the world has been blown together of locomotives that spout violets, leaking thighs, and a moon that rattles like a piece of angry candy, is, at the age of sixty, the author of twenty-one books. Most of these are poetry, two are plays, one is an autobiographical novel, one a collection of six autobiographical lectures, one a record of a trip made in 1933 through Russia, which he did not like, one a collection of his sketches and paintings, and one a ballet. Because only one of these books, "The Enormous Room," his first, published in 1922, has been at all popular, he has been supported by the sale of his paintings, poetry readings, his family, and a patron. Although he has tried through his typography to outrage the English language and his readers into a new intelligibility, his old-fashioned romanticism has finally been granted in recent years by two poetry awards, a poetry chair at Harvard, and the respectability of general recognition.

E. E. Cummings was born in Cambridge, the son of a Unitarian minister, at a time when William James, who was a neighbor, and George Santayana were still strengthening the oaks with their talk. After Harvard, which he left with an M.A. in 1916, he went to France, joined the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, spent three months in a French concentration camp because of a bureaucratic bobble, and was in the American Army when the war ended. He traveled a great deal until the Thirties, and now, with his second wife, divides his year roughly between a house on Patchin Place in Greenwich Village, which he has occupied for thirty years, and a 300-acre wooded farm, given him by his mother, in a part of the White Mountains silenced by non-tourists. Cummings, who is five-foot nine, thin, and partially bald, hates publicity, looks like a cross between a domish schoolmaster and a knowledgeable monk, and delivers his readings in a beautiful voice, his head continually bent, as though he were conferring with his own words. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

VERSE

Antique Virtues in Modern Dress

"Poems: 1923-1954," by E. E. Cummings *(Harcourt, Brace. 468 pp. $6.75), brings together between the covers of one volume 598 poems, forty years of work of one of the most significant American poets. Here it is reviewed by Professor David Burns of the University of Kansas.*

By David Burns

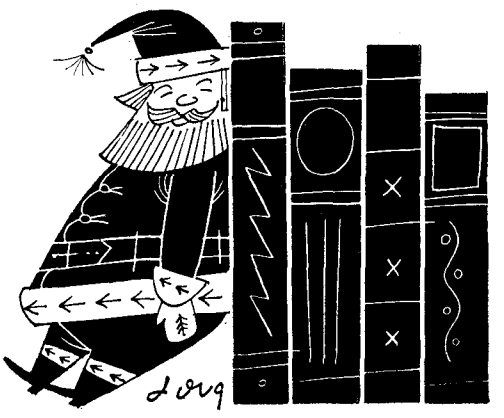
THE publication of E. E. Cummings's "Poems 1923-1954" is a golden event. He is sixty years old; here we have his gift of a lifetime to us: 598 poems, forty years of artistic integrity and sheer talent. It is an important anniversary and a body of work of permanent significance; for it should now be apparent that Cummings is one of the finest lyric poets and social satirists America has yet produced.

Thirty years ago this was not so clear. The stunning, unfamiliar typography tended to distort our picture of his worth: he was thought of as e. e. cummings, Mr. Lower-Case Highbrow, one of the verse-experimenters spawned by The Great War. Many think of him even today as a Harvard adolescent playing with a typewriter, a wanton poet whose exploded syntax has not much more meaning than a pied tray of 8-point Caslon. This attitude is unfortunate, I think; for while Cummings is undoubtedly the most original and successful of the experimenters and has broadened the possibilities of the poetic medium, and would be remembered if for this alone—still he has done more. His style is inherent in the words themselves, and the better and later poems have few of the tricks we have come to expect of him. But we must take what we find on the page: his artifices and inventions are almost always interesting, amusing, and exciting. (But one should add with Harriet Monroe: "Beware his imitators!")

The underlying premise of his "difficult" style is that our sensibilities are surfeited. Our drugged eyes and ears can no longer respond to the usual arrangements of words. Take the idea of a leaf-bud opening, unfolding its leaves in the April sun. How often have we actually *experienced,* that is, felt, such a (I use the word advisedly) miraculous event? The lyric poet's job is to refashion such events for us, so that we can see them anew. Cummings's style is an attempt to do this, to translate this poetic experience into arrangements of words that will recreate that intense and astounding mystery, the astonishment of life we encounter at rare moments—to re-create this by equally and similarly astonishing us in literary form. Thus his poetry *must* shock and annoy, in order to open our eyes. One's first encounter is likely to be startling indeed: words telescoped, fragmented, transposed. Sometimes the derangements obscure what would otherwise be brazenly obscene; sometimes they are imitative: thus his poem about the grasshopper leaps about the page, becoming itself the very essence of grasshopper-ness. But the distortions and eccentric punctuation are designed not only for the eye; they also instruct our ears and control our sounding of the words. Cummings's style conveys the subtle nuances of word-inflections, and mimics dialects. The derangements and punctuation carefully instruct us, precisely telling us how to say each word in each poem.

MORE important than the surface oddities is the diction: Cummings circumvents the cliché by entirely abandoning conventional English; he uses common words in ways we have never before encountered. The unexpected comparison, the surface contradiction, the paradoxes, the "misplaced" words stay long in our memories. Slang, advertising jingles, the "duckbilled platitude"—all are used to needle and puncture their own hypnotic bombast.

Every poet should write as many



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poems as he can—but he is not obligated to publish all that he writes. So many poems in this book are simply bad, one is compelled to suppose that Cummings is incapable of self-criticism. Even his most fervent admirers admit there are any number of bad poems and bad lines. But, since no two will ever agree on *which* are bad, the reader of Cummings must make his own anthology.

What is the lyric, anyway? For Cummings it is the shocked, bug-eyed wonder of the first man on the first day, the four-dimensional experience, the living Now, the *voilà*. His lyricism is an attempt to plunge through mere unreal existence into the real world of feeling. This reality defies Time, "the colossal hoax of clocks and calendars"; it is violently anti-intellectual: the poet "knows nothing and feels everything"; and it does not convince us, it IS. Cummings's lyric world is far from our commonest existence, but it is real nonetheless, with an aliveness that cannot be rubbed off. Like a child, he responds singingly to all "shining things": his poetry is evergreen, spangled with images which forever delight us. It is an impertinence to ask such a poet to "grow up."

BUT, if Cummings has remained the eternal child in his reactions to Nature, he remains the eternal youth in his love lyrics. This is a courtly love, full of *thee*'s and *thou*'s and ballads to "my lady," and elaborate conceits which would be cloying were it not for the freshness of Cummings's rhetoric. These tender songs, delicate in grace, ethereal in mood, are founded on emotion, the realness of the feeling of this man for this woman. For all their delicacy they are resilient and durable; he is a love-lyricist of timeless appeal.

But even more than love or nature Cummings has celebrated the individual. This distilled essence of New England independence here becomes Cummings the Preacher. He is not a thinker; he feels with all the poet's sensibilities things we ourselves may be only vaguely aware of: the oppressive weight of a restrictive society, the destruction of our personalities and our selves, our slow descent into the morass of anonymity. Cummings has been criticized for his raucous and energetic insistence on his own personality. But is not this assertion of self a sensitive and profound reaction to the most pressing problem of the day: that is, the conflict between the individual self and the corporate collectivity? His burlesque nose-thumb of our faceless monotony would be merely funny were it not so tragically significant.

—E. W. Bartlett

". . . life's warmth perennial . . . in every leafless tree'."

Like Thoreau, Cummings is an idealist. Not content to hoe his bean patch in a poetic Walden, he challenges in a lyric version of civil disobedience the entire framework of our *soi-disant* civilization till the whole structure and its inhabitants threaten to fall down about his head.

Cummings has satirized this extinction of personality in some of the most virulent philippics to grace literature since mad Dean Swift. This rejection of all that modern civilization holds dear makes him a negative and hateful poet for many, who do not recognize that his rejection implies a positive value which is, put simply, an Emersonian celebration of the worth of the individual man. One may wonder whether Cummings's lack of popularity in the wider sense may not be due to the decline in public favor of the ideas of which Emerson and Thoreau were the nineteenth-century exponents.

Cummings is likely to be remembered not as one of the iconoclastic experimenters of the between-the-wars period, but as a literary sport, a mutation cropping up after most traces of the once-luxuriant lyric flower had been ruthlessly pruned back. He is, after all, timeless, praising the antique virtues in his modern-antique songs. The effect is comically incongruous: a man terribly behind the times—who still believes in love—and joy!—and freedom! Why, whatever is the world coming to? Who would read such a poet? Answer: lovers of the genuine and the genuinely good.

Taken as a tonic, sipped as a delight, these poems will last and last.

Two Worlds

"Poems: 1939-1952," by Edward Shanks *(St. Martin's Press. 107 pp. $2.50) and* ***"Octavian Shooting Targets," by Arthur Gregor*** *(Dodd, Mead. 74 pp. $3), offer sharp contrasts in style and content, the first a volume of "romantic, traditional" verse, the latter of "intellectual" and "experimental." Here they are reviewed by Louis Untermeyer, one of America's well-known poets and anthologists.*

By Louis Untermeyer

THE SEASON'S greatest contrast in poetry is afforded by two volumes: Edward Shanks's "Poems: 1939-1955" and Arthur Gregor's "Octavian Shooting Targets." The first is everything we think of when we say "romantic" and "traditional"; the second is everything that is considered "intellectual" and "experimental." Perhaps the contrast may be better illustrated by exact quotations rather than by inexact labels, and the opening pages make the difference explicit. Here are the first half-dozen lines from Shanks's first poem, "Images from the Progress of the Seasons":

> The year has turned while I have lain abed;
> The old snows are melted and the branches free;
> Where lately from my pillow I could see
> Only the window's white and empty sky,

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Now risen, I survey with lightless
eye
The late uncovered fields, bare,
brown and dead.

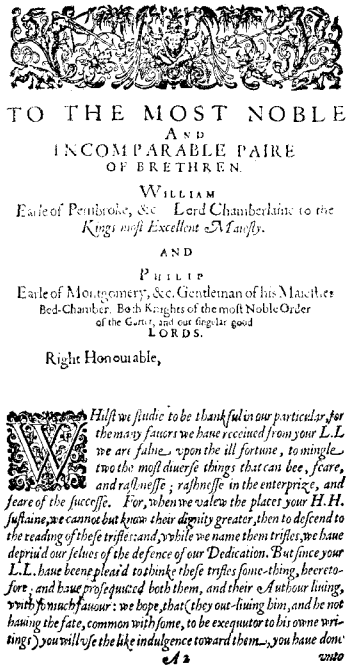
And here are the first seven lines of Gregor's first poem, "Ritual":

To Tiberius the aura of the hot
basin,
of towels and oils was like the
whiteness
of flamingoes, and it was here he
brought a book of poems and a
small
revolver, holding Hindu rivers
in his
eyes and virgin bodies yielding to
the Holy Cleansing. . . .

The two excerpts are from two widely separated worlds. Shanks's verses consist of an old and discarded poetic diction, the familiar pictures, the expected rhymes, the fading echoes of half-elegant, half-elegiac bucolics. Mr. Gregor's lines are equally influenced, although the indebtedness is more contemporary. The discordant juxtapositions, the purposely jarring symbols of "poems and a small revolver," the rapidly shifting allusions, and the overtone of allegory are obviously in the current fashion. The mask of Pound peers out of the image-crowded, time-confused pages; the accent of Eliot—the Eliot of "The Journey of the Magi"—is heard, somewhat strained, in "Lines of the Chengtu Boatmen" and "Almost the Entire Journey."

Nevertheless, Gregor arrests attention with an unquestionable gift for drama and flashes of energetic inventiveness. These qualities are most apparent in "Blackout," "The Daughters of Jerusalem," "Poem 11," "Kol Nidre," and "Kenya Drums." A reader may be puzzled and perhaps irritated at the first reading of these poems, but he will not be bored by them.

The same reader may begin by relishing Shanks's properly phrased and prettily turned lyrics but, in the end, boredom will overcome him. After a dozen poems featuring all the properties of the Georgian stock-room—the nightingale nesting in the oak; the fuchsia "loveliest when her flowers are fallen"; the ripe fruit smiling on the laden tree; the bracken golden and dry; "life's warmth perennial . . . in every leafless tree"—there are facile-fluent apostrophes to those who died in World War II, conventional poems about Dunkirk and other battles, followed by other poems written on public occasions and more or less private ones, such as a "Complaint of the Dachshund Elizabeth" and "Lullaby for a Dog Who Had to Be Put to Sleep." But by this time the reader will have disappeared unless he, too, has been lulled to sleep.



TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Majesty.

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

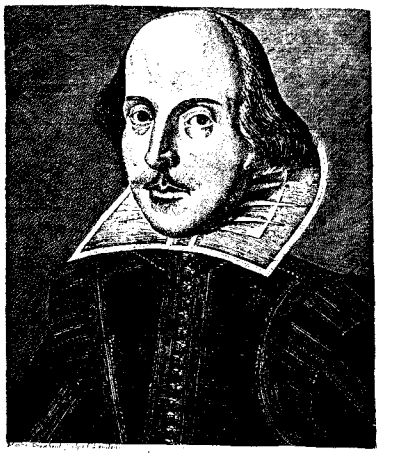
Right Honourable,

WHilst we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto

A 2

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The opening pages—"the fruition of a dream of many years."

THE FIRST FOLIO FOR EVERYMAN: A handsome, almost life-size photographic facsimile of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, **"Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies,"** has lately been published by Yale University Press. A scholarly project of Yale professors Helge Kökeritz and Charles Tyler Prouty, the facsimile edition has pleased its publishers by showing a most unscholarly briskness in selling out its first two printings, moving well even in non-academic bookstores at $12.50 a copy. Not quite a rare book and not quite a fountainhead of the pure Shakespeare, the First Folio appears once more to have excited the curiosity of the general reader just as it did when Shakespeare's colleagues Ben Jonson, John Heminge, and Henry Condell gave it to the world in 1623.

Other editions of single Shakespeare plays had appeared during the twenty-five years before that date, but they are often quite unreliable because they were apparently prepared (and sometimes pirated) from stenographic transcripts of performances, collation of actors' "sides," and from the memories of the actors themselves. While these editions honored Shakespeare's memory and helped to save him from the unpublished oblivion that visited most professional playwrights of his day, it was not until the appearance of the conscientiously edited First Folio that it was possible to put together the relatively unmangled texts that we have today.

Professor Prouty's introduction gives a clear explanation of the evolution of these various Quarto and Folio editions as they passed through Elizabethan and Jacobean papermaking, editorial, and printing processes, and outlines the problems the modern scholar faces in extracting the best possible readings from all the sources. The text of this facsimile edition was photographed from the superbly preserved Huth copy of the First Folio that is now enshrined at Yale's Elizabethan Club. Almost all of the pages are completely legible, and they are set in wide margins for the benefit of scholarly comparers and notetakers. On each page is a running indication of conventional modern act, scene, and line numbers, prepared by Professor Kökeritz. An authority on Shakespearean pronunciation, Professor Kökeritz sees in this facsimile edition the fruition of a dream of many years. He had been trying to arrange a reasonably inexpensive printing in Sweden when the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation underwrote the present venture. This foundation, a frequent benefactor of the Yale Libraries, can be proud that it has thus made easily available one of the two or three most important books printed in English.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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AMERICANA

Making the Past Live Again

"American Heritage": December 1954, edited by Bruce Catton *(American Heritage Publishing Co.-Simon & Schuster. 120 pp. $2.95. Annual subscription for six issues, $12), is the first number of a bi-monthly magazine, bound in hard covers like a book, devoted to the presentation of American history in popular style.*

By Wayne Andrews

ONCE upon a time a very learned and a very wise lecturer at Johns Hopkins was moved to tell his graduate students the truth about one of the standard reference works in medieval history. "The author has made a very great contribution," the professor confessed. "In fact he has made such a great contribution that I have never had the courage to read beyond the first chapter."

If you happen to have a teacher or two for friends you don't need to be told that this wasn't the only joke to be cracked in a classroom on the subject of unreadable history books. In recent years many of our most distinguished historians, authors whose prose needs no apology, have been appalled by the endeavors of earnest specialists who would reduce the writing of history to the embedding of odd facts in odder English.

Something had to be done about this situation, and something has. If you are looking forward to a good time this winter delving into our colonial history you will want a copy of the admirably printed checklist "Readable Books About Early American History," published by the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg for twenty-five cents. And if you would like to pick up a magazine devoted to American history as it might be written, but seldom is, you will want to subscribe to *American Heritage.*

This is a historical magazine with a history of its own. Sponsored by the American Association for State and Local History and by the Society of American Historians, it has inherited the title and the format of the review published until recently by the former organization under the gallant leadership of Earle Newton of the Vermont Historical Society and now of Sturbridge Village. But it has also come into the good will accumulated by the latter group headed by Allan Nevins. It was Allan Nevins, De Witt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia, who realized long ago that the American historian with something to say and the skill to say it might reach a wide audience in a hard-cover magazine.

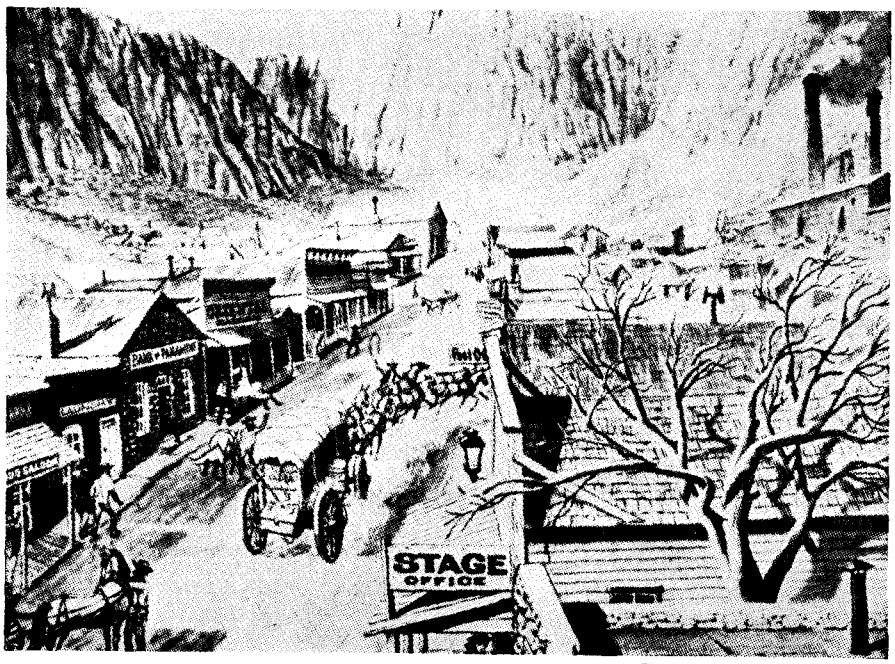
Encouraged by Carl Van Doren, Douglas Freeman, Henry Pringle, Roger Burlingame, and by many another professional including James Finney Baxter, the president of Williams College, he went to work with Courtlandt Canby and other loyal assistants puzzling over dummies and raising funds.

MARSHALL FIELD, Winthrop Rockefeller, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and many other philanthropic men and women have put money into *American Heritage.* But its success must depend upon you and me and our response to the message of the editorial board. Its members appear to have been carefully chosen. The publisher, James Parton, was once a staff member of *Time* and *Life,* like editorial director Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr., and associate editor Oliver Jensen. The editor, Bruce Catton, is a former newspaperman who won, as you may already know, both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award this year for "A Stillness at Appomattox," the third volume of his trilogy on the Civil War.

Lavishly illustrated nostalgia seems to be the theme of this first issue, with Cleveland Amory writing on the great days of the New York clubs, Oliver Jensen on the Fall River Line, Gerald Carson on the country store, and Lucius Beebe on one of his favorite ghost towns. But that is hardly a complete description of the contents. Theodore Roosevelt provides six pages of pure fun with his report of King Edward VII's funeral, and a condensation of Paul Horgan's "Great River" is included to remind readers of one of the most favorably reviewed books of 1954. Best of all, there is an essay by Allan Nevins on the complex personality of Henry Ford, plus a sampling from the oral history project Professor Nevins has been directing at Columbia. This is nothing less than the life story in his own words of the advertising genius Albert Lasker.

As editor Catton must be well aware, no issue of any magazine—and especially the very first—comes up to an editor's hopes. But he can't be disappointed with this beginning. He has succeeded in 120 pages in impressing us with a fundamental truth. "History after all," he says, "is the story of people: a statement that might seem too obvious to be worth making if it were not for the fact that history so often is presented in terms of vast incomprehensible forces moving far under the surface, carrying human beings along, helpless, and making them conform to a pattern whose true shape they never see."

There must be an audience for a magazine that aims to make sense of this pattern.



—*From "American Heritage."*

Panamint City in its great days, as re-created by E. S. Hammack.

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Violent Birth

"The American Rebellion," by Sir Henry Clinton *(edited by William B. Willcox. Yale University Press. 658 pp. $7.50), is an account of the war that gave birth to our nation, written by the complex man who directed the British forces. Professor Willard M. Wallace of Wesleyan University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Appeal to Arms: A Military History of the American Revolution."*

By Willard M. Wallace

THE military memoir has a long history, ranging, within the area of general familiarity, from Julius Caesar to General Mark Clark. Still, it was not until after the Napoleonic wars that so many generals felt impelled to take pen in hand and commemorate their victories or explain away their defeats. Amid the current avalanche of accounts by generals relating their exploits and strategy in recent disorders throughout the world, one is startled to come across a formidable volume by Sir Henry Clinton, who saw service in America from 1775 to 1782 and held the office of British commander-in-chief for the last four years of the great American Revolution. Clinton's narrative, now published in full for the first time and skilfully edited by Professor William B. Willcox of the University of Michigan, may be a little late in helping save Clinton's reputation, if indeed that were possible. But it is still sufficiently timely for United Nations strategists to read and reflect upon and try not to repeat all his mistakes.

There are at least two ways of looking at Clinton's war. One is that it happened so long ago that it has no interest for the present generation except when developed as background by some historical novelist bent on exploiting the prowess of his hero and the allurements of his heroine. The second is that Clinton's war projected a number of problems that bear a curious similarity to problems encountered during phases of World War II and the conflicts in Korea and Indochina. These included the assault and logistical problems of a sea power attacking a land mass; the problem of whether to preserve a main army and seek out the enemy's main force, in the meantime leaving his country intact, or to scatter much of one's own army in isolated posts, thereby exposing those posts to overwhelming assault in detail (as experienced numerous times by the Germans in Russia, by the British at Tobruk, and recently by the French in Indochina); the problem of how to make use of a faction friendly to one without expecting too much of it or sacrificing it unnecessarily; the problem of persuading influential enemies to commit treason; the problem of getting along with one's colleagues, whether military or civilian.

CLINTON faced all these problems and fumbled most of them, manifesting an ineptness and indecisiveness to which French management of the war in Indochina, for years, has had a frightening resemblance. Part of the reason lay in the very massiveness of the task. The land spread was enormous, the population sparse. Methods of transportation and communication were primitive in the extreme. Great difficulty existed over the determination of British strategy and the coordination of offensive efforts, while, to make matters worse, London, with its colossal ignorance of the facts of American geography and the nature and aims of the American population, constantly intervened. And, of course, there still was an American army with which the French army and navy cooperated in 1781 to bring victory at Yorktown.

But, as Mr. Willcox makes abundantly clear in a perceptive and acutely analytical introduction, the more devastating for its fairness and objectivity and distinguished by the vivid, incisive style which characterized his "Star of Empire," Clinton failed, too, because of his own deficiencies. He was an aloof, irascible person, "a shy bitch," as he called himself, whose confused thinking is reflected in the muddiness of his writing. When he had a little time for introspection he could plan well and strike hard, but too often his sense of responsibility bred a caution amounting to abject timidity. He lacked the gift of improvisation, he procrastinated, he found fault continually with his colleagues. Worse, he so confused Cornwallis by obscure and conflicting orders that the rash Earl took matters into his own hands and Clinton declined to call him to heel; the Yorktown surrender was the result. In the end Clinton reserved all his sympathy for himself, and, as Mr. Willcox observes, "His nemesis was himself." Clinton's "basic unsureness . . . rotted out the core of his generalship."

Inglorious Conflict

"Poltroons and Patriots," by Glenn Tucker *(Bobbs-Merrill. 2 vols., 812 pp. $10), is a popular account of the War of 1812, based upon contemporary newspaper accounts and Henry Adams's classic "History." Professor John K. Mahon of the University of Florida, who reviews it below, is the author of several special studies of the second war with England.*

By John K. Mahon

THE WAR of 1812 is recalled, by those who can recall it at all, as an unfortunate conflict fought against the better judgment of either of its participants, the United States and Great Britain. It was said to have been fought because the English insisted on impressing our seamen, but a more fundamental cause was the ambition of such bravados of the frontier as Henry Clay, who wanted to secure the West against the menace of Indians and British traders. It was a war for which neither side had any gains to show when it was over, although we Americans emerged with a few traditions and legends: Captain Lawrence crying "Don't give up the ship"; youthful Oliver Perry reduced to a rowboat on Lake Erie and then besting the English; the burning of the Capitol and the White House, and Dolley (*sic*) Madison saving the Stuart portrait of George Washington. It was a war in which the Navy looked pretty good and the Army pretty bad. It was, says former newspaperman Glenn Tucker, a war of "poltroons and patriots," and after them he has named his new two-volume "popular account" of the war.

By "popular account" Mr. Tucker means, I presume, that he makes no pretense to breaking historical ground. He says further, in his foreword, that he "does not attempt to dispute the validity of facts long accepted nor to establish facts newly discovered, nor does [he] strive to trace controlling movements. . . ." His idea, rather, is to tell what people of the time thought and did about their problems. Thus, author and publishers set narrow limits within which they wish their book reviewed as historiography. Honoring their limits, how well do the two volumes convey what people thought and did during the second war with England, and what rating do they deserve as literature?

Sixty-four years ago Henry Adams in his classic "History of the United States During the Administration of James Madison" wrote the account of

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the War of 1812 upon which the few succeeding volumes on the same subject to be printed in the United States have been based. There are many points at which his work could be revised, but no one has come forward to attempt it. Mr. Tucker's narrative, like that of Francis F. Beirne's "The War of 1812," published in 1949, could not have been written without reliance on Henry Adams's spadework. Except for a reprinting of the war chapters of the master's "History" by the Infantry Journal Press in 1944, no other books have tackled the war as a whole. Hence, since Beirne's book added nothing to the fund of knowledge about our sloppiest conflict, the reviewer finds Tucker and Adams (to use a weak figure) face to face.

It happens that Adams was among the greatest stylists ever to write history in America, so Mr. Tucker's writing has the hard assignment of competing with the very best. Although not on top, it does very well. Its style is creditable, it flows easily and, since Adams's manner is lofty, many readers will prefer Tucker's to his.

Adams's history is based on manuscript sources while Tucker's rests on Adams's and on a number of earlier histories, mixed in with some newspapers and memoirs. Tucker's other-than-Adams sources have persuaded the author to differ with Adams in some judgments as to who were patriots and who poltroons, or shadings of one or the other. His divergences occur about standard national heroes and villains; so it happens that Tucker invests the two Jameses, Madison and Monroe, with more talent for war than Adams believed they had. In the same vein, he is able to excuse Andrew Jackson for allowing the British force to approach within ten miles before the General knew it was there, which is also more charity than Adams could muster. In addition, Tucker scores nearly a perfect record for William Henry Harrison while his predecessor was often critical of Harrison's oper-

(*Continued on page* 40)

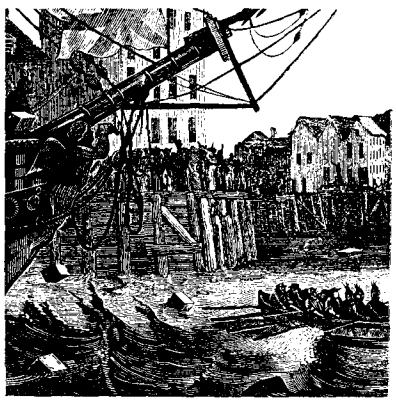
Facts We Never Knew About the American Revolution

"THE Revolutionary War," as told by the late James Street (Dial, $3), bears the subtitle "Being a De-Mythed Account of How the Thirteen Colonies Turned a World Upside Down." As such it is an irreverent sequel to Mr. Street's "The Civil War," a revolutionary history in itself which advanced quite a few curious facts and theories that we had never heard about *that* war. Here are some we had hitherto missed about the Revolution:

• • "Germans were . . . so numerous [in the Colonies] that German almost became our national language."

• • "Toward the end of the [Revolutionary] war it took a full month's pay for a soldier to buy one drink of grog. Once the army was down to about 4,000 men."

• • "Sam Adams was a business failure, one of those neurotic, whining, nagging malcontents that you want to poke in the nose. . . . He had been a tax collector, one of the Crown's bureaucrats, and his collections got 8,000 pounds in arrears. This was about the time that he began sniping at the Crown . . ."



"The Boston Tea Party."

• • Benjamin Franklin "wrote privately that Americans were 'a people who are ungratefully abusing the best [British] constitution and the best King any nation was ever blessed with.' . . . One . . . picture [of Franklin] is in the fur cap which gives him a sort of deified pioneer Yankee expression. Actually, he wore the cap because he had eczema of the scalp and tried to hide it."

• • John Adams "was Sam Adams's cousin. But there was no resemblance. They had nothing in common except their names and Cousin John loathed Cousin Sam."

• • "The average Colonist was eating better and enjoying more freedom than the average Englishman in England."

• • George Washington's mother "quarreled often with him and when he was desperately ill from dysentery she didn't go to see him, although he was nearby. She pestered him for money, and when he gave her money she hoarded it like a miser. Her favorite son was not George at all, but John."

• • Washington "experimented with breeding bison at Mount Vernon and reckoned the bison should be a good source for meat, cheaper and hardier than beef. These animals he got from what is now West Virginia and until his death there was a buffalo cow at Mount Vernon."

• • After the Revolutionary War and in the middle of the French Revolution Tom Paine "was bucking the current as usual and France's Robespierre clique threw him into jail, ostensibly because he supposedly was an alien but actually because he was a troublemaker, a deviationist. He even was marked for the guillotine, but fate intervened. Gouverneur Morris, our minister to France, hated Paine and all he stood for and helped to see to it that he stayed in prison."

• • In a naval inquiry following the Penobscot expedition, from which the Americans fled, "Paul Revere was adjudged a man lacking in spirit."

—Illustrations from the book.

"Valley Forge."

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Connoisseur's Subtle Distillation

"Treasures of the Great National Galleries," by Hans Tietze *(Phaidon Publishers-Garden City Press. 424 pp. 272 plates plus twenty-four color plates. $10), is an annotated album of paintings from eight great museums, together with essays on each of those museums. S. Lane Faison, Jr., who reviews it below, is chairman of the art department and director of the Lawrence Art Museum of Williams College.*

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

FOR a certain limited (and blessed) segment of the reading public the title of Hans Tietze's "Treasures of the Great National Galleries" may have an ominous gems-from-the-operas sound. Were it merely a compilation of masterpieces distilled from earlier distillations it would be due no more than a polite welcome for the benefit of those who must take up culture somewhere in order to get somewhere else. The collection of 296 plates is, however, a subtle distillation indeed, wonderfully varied as to content but unified on the basis of quality. Quality sheds its incandescent light both on the selection itself and on the accuracy of the reproductions. A first perusal of the plates alone indicates the presence of the connoisseur; and the very general public for which this book is undoubtedly intended may be confident that the author has given his best. Hans Tietze's best—alas, no more, for this is a posthumous work—was never second rate.

Tietze's choice has its chronological limitations. Nothing is included past a Gauguin self-portrait of 1890, a Van Gogh portrait of the same year, a Monet of 1894, a pair of late Cézannes, and a Renoir nude of about 1906 which seems much earlier than either of these in terms of spiritual orientation. One cannot accept the thesis that there are no more recent treasures, but the answer is simple enough: Tietze nowhere propounds such a thesis and his selection was limited in time by the fact that the national galleries contain very little, on a basis of permanent ownership, which belongs to our own twentieth century.

The choice of galleries is more ingenious and more complex than the title might suggest. The Picture Gallery at Vienna, the Uffizi at Florence, the Louvre, the Prado, the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, the Picture Gallery at Berlin, and the National Galleries of London and Washington all come up to the expectations raised by the title, whether in quality or extensiveness or both, even though the last-named gallery was opened only fifteen years ago. It is clear, however, that other galleries exist which claim a right to inclusion because they are national galleries of second rank or regional galleries of first rank or first-class museums enjoying neither national nor regional monopoly.

The Budapest and Brussels museums exemplify the first category; the galleries of Munich and Dresden (formerly Dresden, one should say, as the Russians took off its most important contents in 1945), the Brera at Milan, and the Venice Academy exemplify in varying ways the second; and the Vatican Picture Gallery and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York exemplify the third. A major omission is the Hermitage in Leningrad, of which adequate illustrations were not obtainable.

—*From the book.*

Michelangelo's "The Holy Family."

The text is divided, properly enough, into sections on the individual galleries, each with an essay on the history of the gallery concerned and brief but authoritative comments on the paintings chosen for reproduction. Hans Tietze's range of knowledge was very considerable, but his great specialty was Venetian art. In a book of this sort he has with befitting modesty merely included his opinion along with those of other leading scholars. The interested reader should be informed, however, that when Tietze, having duly entered "The Adoration of the Shepherds" in the National Gallery of Washington as a Giorgione, observes in fine print that "its connection with the late style of Giovanni Bellini does not contradict this attribution," such a statement implies years of informed study and exhaustive published treatises on the shadowy line that marks off the aged Bellini from his brilliant young pupil.

FOR the serious reader, general or otherwise, the solidest portion of this book consists of the essays on the various galleries. Set together, these accounts form a history of museums and collecting which is of enthralling interest. A scholar grounded in the traditions of Europe, Tietze demonstrates in his remarks on the Metropolitan and on the National Gallery of Washington that he is fully aware of the very different orientation of American museums with their responsibility to a public altogether different from anything the great European collectors ever conceived of. His book is likewise up to date in its discussion of the controversy currently raging in Munich as to whether the totally gutted Alte Pinakothek should be restored to its former appearance or rebuilt according to modern conceptions of the museum. Perhaps it is a symbol of the difference between the old and the new worlds that such a controversy would be less likely to occur in the United States in 1954. One hopes so, at least, though one would feel more assured about the outcome if Saarinen's new design for a Smithsonian Institution in Washington had not been laid indefinitely on the shelf, and if the older Saarinen rather than John Russell Pope had had the chance to design the Washington National Gallery itself.

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Men of Art

"Eight European Artists," photographed and edited by Felix H. Man *(British Book Centre. 244 pp. $15), shows Braque, Chagall, Léger, Le Corbusier, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and Sutherland at work and at play.*

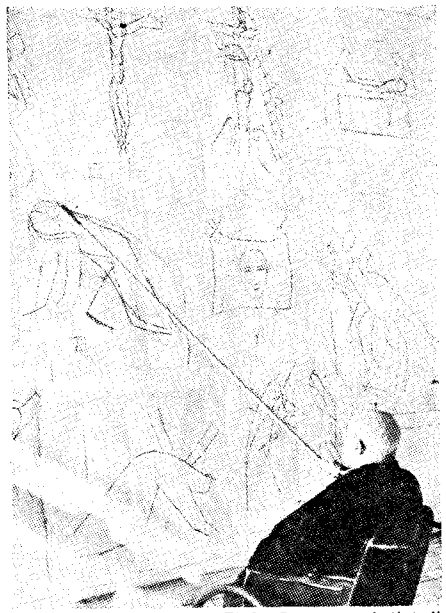
By Robert Goldwater

WE NEGLECT most of our artists and over-adulate a few. Felix H. Man's "Eight European Artists," a book of handsome pictures and short texts (to which the artists themselves have contributed) is designed as another tribute to the few. Mr. Man is convinced that the eight artists whose image he has chosen to photograph in color will be ranked high by posterity, and he has wanted to document them in their surroundings, to set down an accurate record of their studios, their working habits, their moments of relaxation, the characteristic flavor of the lives they lead as artists and as men. "Art," says Jean Cassou in his introduction, "always expresses a figure, the figure of the artist behind it—the figure of his figure." Here are documents to help end the speculation on that figure's mystery—or perhaps merely to add to it. Mr. Man's list, in alphabetical order (the one he uses), includes: Braque, Chagall, Léger, Le Corbusier, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and Sutherland. He would have liked a longer list, and regrets especially the omission of Rouault and Nolde, decided upon because these artists' enthusiastic aid was lacking.

Mr. Man has carried out his assignment with care and devotion. We are taken to Braque's studios in Paris and Normandy, see him reading his morning paper, riding his bicycle, studying his designs. We watch Matisse engaged on his decorations for the Chapel at Venice, drawing from his bed with his brush on the end of the now famous bamboo pole. We join Moore at lunch with his friends in England, and Chagall with his in the Midi. We are allowed glimpses of the solitary Le Corbusier, painter by morning and architect (he who conceived the glass house!) in a windowless room by afternoon. Picasso opens an exhibition at Antibes, models a goat, and plays with his children at Vallauris. Léger instructs his devoted students in Paris, and lays out the windows for Audincourt; Sutherland relaxes in a corner of his handsome living room, leaving the spotlight to his handsome wife.

What emerges from these photographs is a sense of wide scale and easy living: sunlit terraces and gardens and balconies; large, clean, orderly studios; graceful conversation and effortless concentration. All this is accurate enough. These men are at the top of their profession. They are successful financially and in reputation. Their talents and their work have earned them the right to lead the kind of lives recorded here. Their struggles are behind them. But are they? Even today it can't be quite just the cakes-and-ale that these well-tailored, clean-cut photographs suggest. The studios can't always be quite so orderly, the routine quite so regular, the work quite so methodical, the parlors quite so neat. True, for these chosen few (among the many who fare so badly) the financial battle is over. But along with that youthful vision the artist preserves into his old age goes something of its intensity and its sudden inspiration and its doubts; something more than the open shirt collar and the sandals, something of the essence and not just the appearance of the *vie de bohème*. Mr. Man has all too entirely turned these artists into country gentlemen.

For three things, however, we must be grateful, and they make this book worthwhile. First, for all the documentation: it is valuable to be taken beyond doors most of us cannot pass. Second, for Graham Greene's remark, in his preface, that it is possible "that the so-called obscurity which is supposed to attach to these artists is really our inability to recognize gaiety, enjoyment, freedom." And third, because these photographs amply demonstrate that still today artists are men of a certain size—strong, active, vigorous, and supremely healthy.



—*From "Eight European Artists."*

Wheelchair-bound Matisse at work.

Architect's Creed

"The Natural House," by Frank Lloyd Wright *(Horizon Press. 221 pp. $6.50), is the latest testament of faith of America's greatest architect. Our reviewer, Wayne Andrews, is the author of a forthcoming history of American architecture.*

By Wayne Andrews

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S mother may be to blame. Or perhaps his father. But no matter where you fix the responsibility you will have to agree that our greatest architect learned long ago there is no sense in telling little fibs. If you must tell a lie be sure it's a whopper. He tells one whopper in "The Natural House," his latest greeting to the American people, for he wants us to believe he was "embarrassed" when a man walked into his office the other day asking for a $250,000 house.

The truth, as everyone knows, is that Frank Lloyd Wight has never been embarrassed since the day he was born, if then. He would not even be nonplussed if he were asked tomorrow morning to redesign every house in the United States. He would simply take the news in his stride, and he is likely to step ahead of you and me even though he is an oldish man and only five feet eight and a half inches tall.

What Wright meant in his reference to the well-heeled client was that he would like us to remember that he won his reputation as a designer of houses for men of moderate means. Inordinately successful in solving this problem in the Chicago suburbs prior to the First World War, he was neglected in the pretentiously prosperous 1920s, but came into his own again when the tax policy of the New Deal set about redistributing our national income. In fact he has been so popular in the last twenty years that he may be popping up in our children's history textbooks as the artist who benefited most by Franklin D. Roosevelt's economic program.

"The house of moderate cost," he makes plain, "is not only America's major architectural problem, but the problem most difficult for her major architects. As for me, I would rather solve it with satisfaction to myself and Usonia"—Wright and Samuel Butler's pet noun for the USA—"than build anything I can think of at the moment except the modern theatre. . . . In our country," he adds, "the

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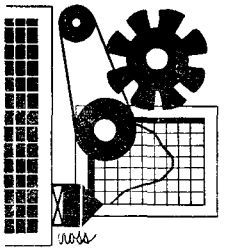


What Ails New England

"The Economic State of New England," edited by Arthur A. Bright, Jr., and George H. Ellis *(Yale University Press. 737 pp. $6), is a cooperative study of one of the nation's problem areas. Here it is reviewed by Seymour E. Harris, professor of economics at Harvard University, author of "The Economics of New England" and chairman of the Committee on the New England Textile Industry of the Conference of New England Governors.*

By Seymour E. Harris

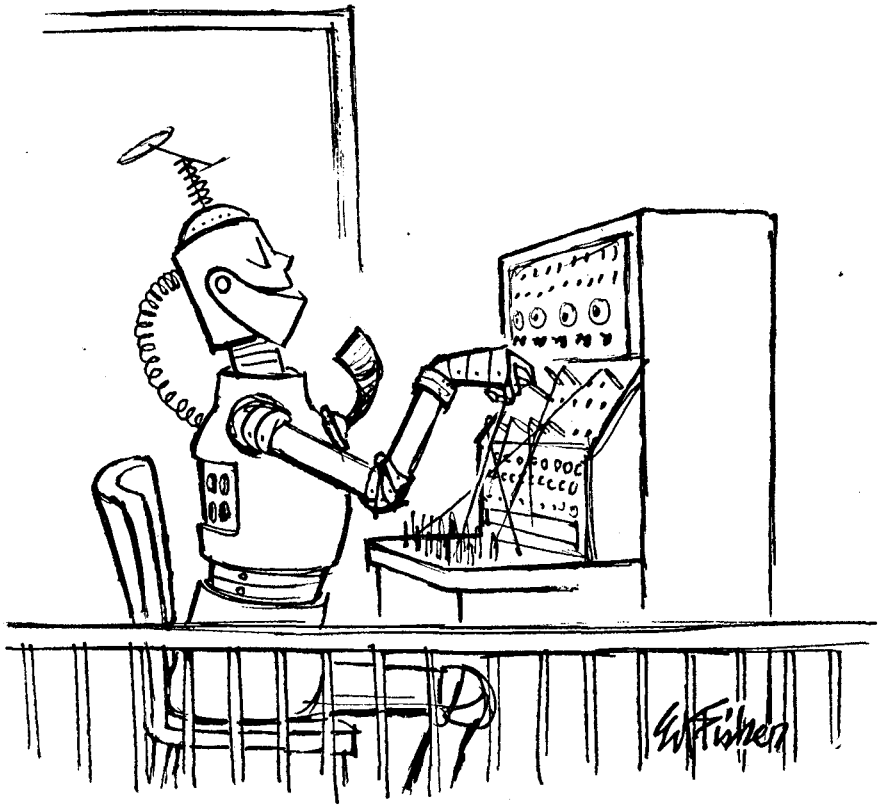
IN THE last generation New England has become a laboratory for the study of economic disease and therapy. It used to be fashionable to keep silent about the problems of the New England economy lest any frank discussions might impair confidence in it. A recently published volume, "The Economic State of New England," which follows at least two important official diagnoses of the New England economy (aside from a third in preparation), attests that the leaders of this community realize increasingly that without diagnosis neither the discovery nor the eradication of disease is possible.

"The Economic State of New England' is a cooperative enterprise, upon which inclusive of free time more than $100,000 has been spent, and in the preparation of which the authors had not only the help of a distinguished citizens committee under the chairmanship of Leonard Carmichael and a research committee headed by one of the nation's top economists, Sumner Slichter, but also much advice and inspiration from the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston.

This important study also has a tragic side; for the director of the project, Arthur A. Bright, Jr., one of the nation's most promising economists and a man of the highest integrity, succumbed to a heart attack. He more than anyone else deserves the credit for this massive and very useful volume. George H. Ellis ably completed the task which another had to abandon. Much of the credit, and perhaps more than is evident to the unknowledgeable reader, goes to three young economists, William H. Miernyk, Edward K. Smith, and Roy S. Kelley, Jr., who did most of the writing, though, as is customary in a work of this kind, the final responsibility must be taken by all the workers and sponsors.

An older economic region faces difficult problems: a kind of economic arteriosclerosis sets in unless all are alerted; and the opening up of competitive industrial regions and of new and distant markets may well be upsetting. New England suffers from many disadvantages, one of the most important of which is its dependence on industries (*e.g.*, textiles and shoes) which are relatively stagnant in the economy, and which in New England are confronted with increased competition from other regions, favored by low wages and other advantages. It should be said to the credit of the authors of this volume that they recognize this problem and that they see the need of maintaining the old industries as long as possible as well as attracting new industries. Since there has been a disposition in some circles in New England to write off the textile industry and the sooner the better, the community view herein expressed is a net gain. Nor do the authors say that the transfers of workers from manufacturing to service industries is necessarily a symptom of economic progress. They are aware that a displaced textile worker who turns to selling newspapers may reflect economic distress rather than gains. Mr. Miernyk is clearly aware also of the serious problems of adjustments raised by secular declines in old industries.

THERE are unfortunately some flaws in the book. I am rather disappointed that it does not get down to a discussion of the gains of jobs in new industries as against losses in old. Indeed, we get some limited breakdown of figures for 1940 to 1950; but why not 1919 to 1950, or 1919 to 1952? (It is admitted that we cannot afford any further loss in manufacturing jobs.) An examination of totals from 1919 on would reveal heavy losses for New England in old industries not offset by adequate gains in the newer industries. These losses are reflected in



"IBM. Good morning."

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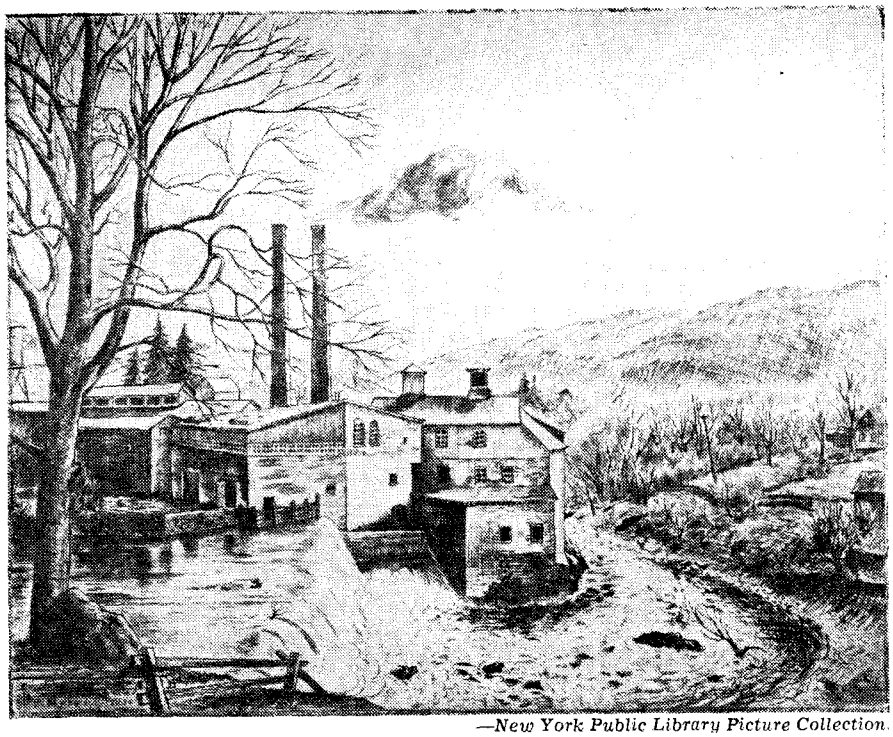

—New York Public Library Picture Collection.

"Salisbury Mill," by Paul Busch.

adverse balances of payments over the last generation and a great relative reduction in factory wages.

New England's greatest problem is, in the reveiwer's view, its location in the northeast corner of the vast American market, ever moving further away. This explains New England's failure to hold more than 1 per cent of the nation's automobile jobs, though in terms of technical position the region was on a strategic position to capture this industry; and it explains its failure to attract the heavy chemical industries. The authors of the report discuss fully the transportation problems of New England and especially the unfair rate structures.

In dealing with financial resources, taxes, Federal expenditures, and the regional balance of payments, the authors bring together much useful information. They help explode one myth, namely, that heavy state and local taxes are in fact a serious deterrent to maintaining industry in New England. (I am not referring to the misapprehensions concerning relative tax loads, which may be a deterrent.) They also see the relevance of the net drain of funds out of this region by the Federal Government, part of the proceeds being used to bolster the competitive position of the South and West. They express concern lest this region be unable to pay for its imported food and raw materials should the competitive position continue to deteriorate and the Treasury continue to withdraw cash from the region.

Unfortunately, the authors of this report straddle the issue of Federal aid for this region. Perhaps they should not be criticized too harshly on this point; for it is frequently the practice in subsidized research representing all sorts of interests to be overly cautious on controversial issues. For example, the possible contribution of hydro-electric power is considerably underestimated or beclouded by presenting estimates which can scarcely be termed objective. Is there a case for some Federal intervention in the Connecticut Valley, for example? No answer is given. The issue is scarcely touched. Yet one-third of the book is devoted to natural resources which account for 4 to 5 per cent of the income of the region. And there is strange silence on the important issue of Federal help in developing our resources.

Finally, I wish that more space had been given to an analysis of the major problems and less to compilation of interesting, and even if important, facts. For example, an all-out discussion of the issues raised by competition of low-income regions with an old established high-income region would have been very helpful. But nevertheless this is a valuable study, one of the best in regional economics, and all who contributed are to be congratulated. On the whole, I have no dissent with its conclusions about New England's general prosperity since 1940 and the probability of continued health if the major issues are faced frankly and if disease is treated promptly, but not on the basis of an ideology that fits 1850 rather than 1950.

Economic Incentives

"Man, Motives, and Money: Psychological Frontiers of Economics," by Albert Lauterbach *(Cornell University Press. 366 pp. $5), applies, in a thorough and wide-ranging way, the lessons of psychology to business problems. Andrew S. Roscoe, our reviewer, is president of the South Brooklyn Savings and Loan Association and lecturer in economics at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By Andrew S. Roscoe

TODAY, with the vigorous, wholesome alliance of economics with sociology and psychology, we have a completely new understanding and a much more rational comprehension of the place of economics, not only in our own nation but in our general philosophy. Too long was the science of economics studied in a vacuum.

Such writers as Albert Lauterbach must now be recognized as a force in any intelligent study of economics, not only in the classroom but also in the bank, the stock exchange, the factory, even in the home. His new book, "Man, Motives, and Money," is virtually an encyclopedia of the new psychological approach of economics, and it is obviously the result of painstaking research. The businessman who reads it will be rewarded by the analyses of the motivation of business activity, and, while he may not agree with some of the hypotheses advanced with respect to the future of business, he can gain sufficient information about his own business policies to improve them.

The types of problems discussed in this work are indicated by such challenging topics as (a) the impact of non-economic factors upon economic decision-making; (b) the influences of economic instability upon individuals and groups, preventing them from acting "economically," and the effect of economic reforms upon personal security; (c) the presupposition of the emergence of a different kind of human being, especially in Western democratic countries, by economic reform of any desirable type.

Mr. Lauterbach describes the modern concept of business as including activities and units of a widely varying character, all of which meet on the market in different positions and with different driving forces. He indicates the historical changes which have affected the components of American business all the way from the small

(*Continued on page* 19)

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—From "King of Comedy."

Scene in Sennett's "Salome vs. Shenandoah"—". . . we played it by ear as we went along."

Era of the Great Comedians

***"King of Comedy," by Mack Sennett, as told to Cameron Shipp** (Doubleday. 284 pp. $4.50), is the life story of the great film producer in the days when movies were funny.*

By Arthur Knight

MACK SENNETT opens his engagingly frank and unassuming autobiography, "King of Comedy," with the disturbing reflection that movies today aren't as funny as they were when Keystone was grinding them out at the rate of two or more a week. It's true—and it's to Sennett's credit that nowhere in this rambling, anecdotal, and frequently funny book does he suggest that the decline of humor on our screens is the direct consequence of his own retirement from the field. He made his contributions to film comedy; they were considerable, and he is justifiably proud of them. He makes no further claims.

He does raise the question, however. And perhaps some part of the answer is to be found in his descriptions of the free-wheeling, boldly improvisational techniques for comedic creation that prevailed in the Mack Sennett studios. "This place isn't a studio," one writer wailed at the time, "it's a madhouse." If Sennett heard that a chimney was being toppled, a lake being drained, a parade forming he immediately dispatched a cameraman and whatever actors might be around, got the scene in the can, then built a story around it.

Unfortunately—at least, for comedy—Hollywood has changed considerably since that time. Costs of production have shot up to astronomical figures, studio staff and overhead impose their crushing weight on every script. In the interests of economy films are planned on paper and budgeted step by step. The moments of divine inspiration that permitted a Chaplin to assemble his immortal costume on a rainy afternoon, or Mabel Normand to heave the first custard pie full into Ben Turpin's gloriously cock-eyed pan—these have all but been eliminated in the pressing need to push through a production efficiently and on schedule.

Perhaps Sennett's methods could have prevailed only when the movie industry was young, enthusiastic, and wildly disorganized. But it's a sobering thought to realize that this half-educated Canadian boiler-maker and burlesque comedian, using just these methods, was able to discover and develop such consequential clowns as Harry Langdon, Chester Conklin, Buster Keaton, Raymond Griffith, Gloria Swanson, W. C. Fields, and, of course, Charlie Chaplin. Even Harold Lloyd worked for Sennett at one time. Sennett fired him: he wasn't funny enough. That era has vanished—and with it, apparently, the great comedians.

"KING OF COMEDY," however, is not concerned solely with antics on the Sennett lot. There is also a love story, the tangled love of Sennett and Mabel Normand that began at Biograph and ended with her tragic death two decades later. Both had gotten too big and too busy for marriage; and the only bitterness that turns up in these pages is Sennett's self-reproach for that oversight. His descriptions of this sparkling, elusive, wide-eyed hoyden are the finest in print.

Mention of Mabel Normand, of course, leads inevitably to the mysterious, still unsolved murder of William Desmond Taylor, a scandal that rocked not only Hollywood but the entire nation back in 1922. Sennett, with an unreleased Normand picture in his vaults, had a double interest in the case, yet he reports it with a vividness and adherence to the facts that would do credit to Joe Friday.

Sound and the arrival of the double-feature write the final chapters to this book. Sound changed shooting techniques, while the double-feature virtually eliminated the two-reel comedy from movie programs. The failure of Paramount-Publix in 1935 took his studio with it. Still, Sennett's chief regret, it would seem, was less the personal loss of millions of dollars than the end of opportunity to go on making the kind of comedies that had brought him fame. He is curiously diffident about his films, often snorting with heavy irony at those well-intended critics who found them artistic, or "based on the fundamentals of human nature." "We played it by ear as we went along," he says.

But his ear was good, his instincts were sound, and Sennett established the high-water mark for one type of American film creativity. "King of Comedy" is an entertaining and reasonably accurate account of how it was done.

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The Only Hope

"Have Tux Will Travel," by Bob Hope, as told to Pete Martin *(Simon & Schuster, 308 pp. Clothbound, $3.50. Paperbound, $1), is the anecdotal autobiography of a popular radio and film comedian.*

By Lee Rogow

SHOW-BUSINESS memoirs fall into several different categories. There's the searing kind that begins, "Father drank, and mother took in floors to wash." And there's the official kind that features a sentence like, "It was extremely gratifying to have been chosen to play the Command Performance for Their Majesties, and as I stepped on the stage I felt it to be the climax of a glorious career."

Pete Martin, over at *The Saturday Evening Post* better biography foundry, steers a middle course. He gives you a little of his early family life to let you know he's honest, but when he gets his hero into the show-business career it's a sort of jovial press release for the rest of the way home.

The Bob Hope Story, "Have Tux Will Travel," is a curiously empty book. It has the story and personality of Bob Hope the performer and Bob Hope the golfer, but these were already public property. If there is any other Bob Hope he has successfully escaped being included in these pages. So much so that an extraordinary introduction to this volume reads: "I know it's hard for people to believe a man in my business is normal emotionally and mentally. If they don't there's nothing I can do about it. . . . I'm just putting down the Bob Hope I know. . . . That breezy Hope—that Hope with a bounce you see on the screen and on your TV set—is me."

It's entirely possible that there is no other Bob Hope but the actor. Certainly few other performers have devoted themselves so energetically to the business of acting. This book tells all about it—the vaudeville, the break in "Roberta," the movies, the "Road" pictures, the radio programs, the trouping for the G.I.s, the few attempts at television.

Two impressions emerge from this account:

The story of the early days of vaudeville, with the trouping on the Sun time and the tryout at Keith's, with the blackface routine and the hoofing and the fireman bit, has a nostalgic flavor that is captivating no matter how often the story has been told.

The second thought is that there was a reason why those grisly "one-liners" turn up in a Bob Hope script. This fellow thinks they are funny. And he (or someone) has gotten dozens of them into this book. They might have been earthquakes with studio audiences and homesick G.I.s from Casablanca to Korea, but in the pages of a book they are downright embarrassing.

Notes

SHOW-BIZ TRIVIA: Columnist Hy Gardner is something of a phenomenon. His main outlet is the *New York Herald Tribune*, a newspaper of high standards. Yet to it he daily contributes a gossip column in the gushy, trivial tradition of Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper, both pillars of a journalism far less dignified than the *Tribune*'s. The ebullient Mr. Gardner seems blissfully unaware of the contrast between him and his New York paper. A fellow who broke into columning as a legman for Hedda Hopper, he often recalls those days fondly in print.

Now, in **"Champagne Before Breakfast"** (Henry Holt, $3.95), he has performed a feat as remarkable as achieving the *Herald Tribune*. A major publisher has brought out a book of his warmed-over columns, arranged into chapters called No Business Like Show Business, So This Is Hollywood, etc. It makes a collection of slightly related anecdotes, among them a revealing one about the time Hy was asked to name his top journalistic scoop: it was breaking the news of the Marilyn Monroe nude calendar. For the rest, Mr. Gardner drops names at a greater rate than any other columnist, including his mentor, Hedda. But rest assured—for every name dropped there are at least two I's for Hy himself. "Champagne Before Breakfast" is dedicated "To Myself, Without Whom This Book Would Never Have Been Written." It's on that level. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

SPACE GRABBER: Guido Orlando is the press agent who, among numerous other stunts, placed the midget on J. P. Morgan's knee. In **"Confessions of a Scoundrel"** (John C. Winston, $3.50) he tells the inside story of that memorable event. Seems the midget was keeping company with a lady of normal size. Her family criticized her, so she hired Orlando to build the little man up. Orlando did, characteristically using no less than a Morgan.

An Italian-American who came here as a boy, Orlando considers himself the King of Contacts. He may well be, for he has brashly pushed himself at anyone who might assist in his schemes. He has peddled Mussolini's love letters and used King Farouk to get front-page publicity for a sixteen-year-old American girl. In this country the King of Contacts has not only brightened the Broadway-Hollywood axis, but functioned in politics as well. Once he introduced Huey Long (a client) to Aimee Semple McPherson (another). The two hit it off so well that Huey decided to run for President with Aimee as Vice President. The idea of this peerless ticket seems to have stunned even Orlando, but nothing else ever has. "Confessions of a Scoundrel" is a relentless account of how he has jumped from one publicity triumph to another. It would be a better book if Mr. Orlando—or collaborator Sam Merwin—had occasionally inserted the reflective pause that refreshes. But he hasn't. In real life Orlando may be able to stand the pace, but for a reader there's just too much, too damn fast. —A.C.

All Souls, All Saints

By Florence Ripley Mastin

ALL souls, all saints in white December
Will come to you, blest by the voice
Of summer: roses and orioles;
Fireflies and thrushes; crickets from their house

Of moonlight; haloed goldenrod,
Rapt in the Gethsemane of frost;
Blue moths in flight like blowing petals;
The mantis praying on green moss . . . .

All these will come when the stripped branches
Knock on your icy window pane,
For you have been their faithful lover;
The least of these you will enfold again.

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The Saturday Review

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Editorial Bulletin Board

WASHINGTON

HENRY LUCE, editor of *Time* and *Life*, has thrown out a challenge to "intellectuals." Speaking in Washington recently at the fortieth anniversary dinner of the *New Republic*, Mr. Luce wanted to know why so few intellectuals were fighting for the kind of peace that only world law could create.

"Personally," he said, "I wish that right now the United States would be putting herself in the forefront of the great worldwide concern for Law and the rule of Law. But she cannot be expected to do this unless from the Advance Guard we get vivid suggestions as to how this ideal can be progressively incarnated. Meanwhile mankind lives on the brink of anarchy. The United States cannot move forward in this, its historic mission to promote the rule of Law, unless the intellectuals have schooled themselves—and us—to know and to speak of the great concepts of Law as the necessary counterpart of Liberty and the actual basis of peace between men and nations."

Mr. Luce's question is a good one. But the fight for world law has not been without its legions. Writers, thinkers, and playwrights, like Lewis Mumford, Grenville Clark, Robert Hutchins, William O. Douglas, the late G. A. Borgese, Arnold Toynbee, F. S. C. Northrup, Robert MacIver, Mortimer Adler, Reginald Lang, Bertrand Russell, Alfred Zimmern, Robert T. Sherwood, Oscar Hammerstein, John Hersey, Rex Stout, Pierce Butler, Thomas K. Finletter, Leo Cherne, Stuart Chase, Paul Shipman Andrews, Donald Harrington, James M. Warburg, and Vernon Nash have been articulate and urgent in their call for a world organization with the effective powers of law.

Obviously, this list is not long enough. We suspect, however, that it would be a lot longer if the nation's leading periodicals would give the issue of world law *vs.* world war the space and attention Mr. Luce says it requires and deserves.

TOLEDO

THE OTHER day in Toledo I received what in effect amounted to a public rebuke. It was administered by the publisher of the city's two newspapers, the morning *Times* and the afternoon *Blade*. It came during a luncheon meeting sponsored by the Toledo Bar Association.

The meeting had been arranged for the purpose of acquainting the Toledo community with the work of a newly organized local committee on Constitutional freedoms, set up by the Toledo Bar Association for the purpose of providing free legal services in cases involving jeopardy to the Bill of Rights.

During my talk I discussed a recent case involving the suspension of a physicist from Government work. His lawyer was able to develop proof that the physicist had been erroneously accused. The Government eventually acknowledged its error and ordered complete reinstatement. Meanwhile the physicist and his family had undergone almost a year of anguish. The point I tried to make was that the physicist was fortunate in being able to obtain a lawyer who was not afraid to handle an "unpopular" case.

One aspect of the case I related concerned the part of a newspaperman in helping to ascertain the innocence of the scientist. Since this involved the newsman's sources of information I requested that this portion of my talk be regarded by the reporters present as "off the record."

As soon as I mentioned the fact that I was going "off the record" Paul Block, Jr., publisher of the *Times* and *Blade*, rose from his table in the center of the room and walked out. He subsequently made it clear to the readers of his papers that he had walked out in protest against my off-the-record request. In fact, after I left the hall I found Mr. Block explaining his position to officers of the TBA. George Gould, who had invited me to the meeting, suggested that I talk it out with Mr. Block.

Mr. Block said he felt the off-the-record device was inconsistent with good news reporting.

"Some time ago," he told me, "I ordered my reporters to walk out of any meeting or conference of three persons or more the moment the speaker says he is talking off the record. I don't want my men to hear anything the public can't hear. Certainly, if a roomful of people can be given confidential information the public ought not to be excluded. Sometimes we used to be placed in the astonishing position of having a piece of news circulate everywhere in the city except in our newspapers because we respected the off-the-record request. Consequently I have instructed my reporters to walk out, wait around until after the meeting, find out from people exactly what was said, and then report the whole thing, off the record or not. In doing so we were not bound by any agreement; all we were doing was getting the same information which was certain to circulate anyway."

My conversation with Mr. Block was cut short because of close train connections I had to make. On the way to Chicago I thought carefully about Mr. Block's action and the reason behind it. When I got off the train I sent him a wire saying I believed his position was wise and incontestable. Even though my purpose in going off the record was to protect a newsman's sources, I said it was a gross error for me to do this at an open meeting. There was no question in my mind that Mr. Block had acted in the best interests of responsible newspaper publishing. I commended him on the action and said I hoped his method of coping with the off-the-record practice would be adopted by the nation's press as a whole.

I can't say that the experience of being spanked in public is a pleasant one; but at least a substantial contribution has been made to my personal education. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SINCERE NOVELIST

I WAS struck by two points in Joyce Cary's interesting article "A Novelist and His Public" [*SR* Nov. 27]. One was that a writer gains a public by meaning what he writes. To me it is a tragedy that most bad writers do mean what they write. If your purveyor of tripe did not mean it, he would be disgusting. Since he does mean it, he is pathetic.

Point two is writer Cary's implication that detective-story writers, being strictly commercial, need bother about neither sincerity in any sense nor literary quality. A badly written detective novel is as much a literary sin, I believe, as any other badly written book, and just as disagreeable to read. In England Dorothy Leigh Sayers, Margery Allingham, and Ngaio Marsh, and in this country Hilda Lawrence, prove that detective novels can be skilfully constructed and intensely literate. Certainly they can have "meaning" without being obnoxious or damaging their "box of tricks" technique.

ELMER GUSTAFSON.

Tulsa, Okla.

"Doctor Chedwick! To these people you represent America!"

DISSENT ON THE JUSTICE

I'M NOT SURPRISED that Felix Frankfurter and his friends took sugary (if I'm "peppery") John Mason Brown in ["The Uniform of Justice," *SR* Oct. 30, Nov. 6, and Nov. 20]; he and they combine the charm and the verbal facility to make plausible their prolix and pro-Felix paeans, however pianissimo, of praise. Nor am I surprised that Mr. Brown resorted to rather repetitive epithet to contemn my 1941 characterization of the Justice as a "conservative." And yet—having taken a law-school course from Mr. Frankfurter a quarter of a cenutry ago, I've been following his career with fascination ever since; in at least a dozen pieces published since the old *Harper's* article that Mr. Brown describes at length in order to decry, I've detailed and documented my unadmiration just a touch more specifically than Mr. Brown infers—or, I daresay, knows—(are "the Emily Post of the Supreme Court" and "the Justice with the waterbug mind" too "coffin"-like, Mr. B.?); I'd like, if I may, to set the record a trifle straighter.

Not that I intend to rehash here for the umpteenth time the manifold reasons why I, and a slue of other irreverent souls, rate the Justice as less an ornament to the Supreme Court than an obstacle to the wise and effective performance of its job. On this, let me merely quote, as suggestive, a comment by Professor Walton Hamilton—who has studied the Court's work a little longer than has Mr. Brown's Professor Jaffe and who, unlike Professor Jaffe, did not start—and end—his studying at Felix Frankfurter's feet: "Mr. Justice Frankfurter has no feel for the dominant issues; he operates best when weaving crochet patches of legalism on the fingers of the case. He does the best he can, often very well indeed, with the techniques in which he is proficient; it is a calamity that his skills happen to be petty skills."

Somehow, I doubt that Mr. Brown ever read those words or any of the many others like them (save mine of thirteen years ago) that have been printed all the way from *Time* and *Look* and *Newsweek* to a lot of law reviews (not including Harvard's). Somehow, I doubt that he did much talking with others than the "right-on-Felix" folk to whom he was presumably steered—plus perhaps a few conventional corporation lawyers whose slant toward the Justice has long been colored by his generally conceded (sorry, Mr. B.) conservatism. The point is that there are plenty of us in the legal profession—perhaps even a majority—whose estimate of Felix Frankfurter, as a Justice and as a man, is so much lower than Mr. Brown's estimate as to cast considerable question on Mr. Brown's eulogy-tempered-only-by-apologia and to make his conclusions, at best, debatable.

I don't mean by this to impute to Mr. Brown either prejudice or incompetence. Coming to the subject cold, as I suppose he did, manifestly unable to read everything or hear everybody, he was simply taken in by what amounts to an almost incredible, because so credible, campaign to win for one man perennial approbation in the nation's non-Pegler press and so claim for him a high place in Supreme Court history. Justice Frankfurter's articulate acolytes and friends have been at this for years, with no discouragement (understatement of the week) from the master; to get favorable stuff they will squander time and charm and subtly purposeful helpfulness; to kill unfavorable stuff they will use pressure and censorship (one unimportant writer, name of Rodell, has been shot at but missed no less than three separate times), and even, in at least one instance, the procured firing of an able newspaper reporter. No, I don't blame Mr. Brown in the slightest: how in the world could he have known? Still, if Justice Frankfurter should some day be wafted to his private heaven of judicial immortality, it will be on the wings of the words of such well-meaning but handsomely hoodwinked scribes as Matthew Josephson (*The New Yorker*), Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (*Fortune*), and John Mason Brown (*SR*).

FRED RODELL.

Yale University School of Law
New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Brown replies: "Professor Rodell and I have this much in common: we share the right to our own opinions, however different, of Felix Frankfurter and to express them in our different ways. I did not mean to attack the estimate Mr. Rodell wrote of the Justice for the October 1941* Harper's. *My reason for referring to his article and Professor Jaffe's study in 1949 was to cover two periods in Frankfurter's career on the Court as appraised by two legal experts."*

SORRY, WRONG PUBLISHER

I FEEL quite badly that when you take a quotation from Grantland Rice's "The Tumult and the Shouting" [LITERARY SAMPLER, *SR* Nov. 13] you credit this best-selling sports book of all time to Doubleday.

JOHN LOWELL PRATT, President.
A. S. Barnes & Co.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The book is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., at $5. Our apologies to the country's leading publisher in the field of sports.*

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Seeing Things

PARISH GREENE

—*Eileen Darby-Graphic House.*

Barbara Bel Geddes and Michael Goodliffe—"death at war with life."

ALTHOUGH Graham Greene has found religion, he has not found its consolations. He is a convert to Catholicism who seems to protest his own acceptance. Instead of enjoying the spiritual peace which heals, he is tormented by a mind and spirit still at war.

Few men in their quest for inner happiness can have been more unhappy. Faith comes hard to him—faith not only in the Church of his choice, but faith in God and man. His honesty is as beyond question as the cold strength of his mind or his writing skill when he is at his best. But he looks at the world with unloving eyes, appearing to have as little affection for others as for himself.

His characters suffer with the same fury he does and brood in the same dark areas of doubt and sin. "Man has places in his heart which do not yet exist, and into them enters suffering in order that they may have existence," he quotes Léon Bloy as saying in "The End of the Affair." Suffering, great suffering, the anguish of the spirit great enough to suffer greatly, has been an abiding theme of the world's mightiest literature. But most of Mr. Greene's characters have been mean people who suffer meanly, and he has hated them for their meanness.

Mr. Greene has not hidden his hatred for them. His lack of that mercy which we call Christian was stated with overwhelming candor as early as the second paragraph in "The End of the Affair." There he wrote, "If hate is not too large a term to use in relation to any human being, I hated Henry—I hated his wife, Sarah, too. And he, I suppose, came soon after the events of that evening to hate me: as he surely at times must have hated his wife and that other, in whom in those days we were lucky enough not to believe. So this is a record of hate far more than of love."

This curdled attitude toward mortals and this uncertainty in the midst of the certainties promised by faith have become expected features of Mr. Greene's novels. Along with other familiar troubles and tensions, they were present, though less clearly and ably stated, in his first play, "The Living Room."*

Gilbert Highet in "People, Places, and Books" confessed that whenever he reads Graham Greene he is reminded of what the Boston lady is supposed to have said when her nephew took her for a drive through the slums. "Do you know," the nephew remarked, "some of these houses have no heat and no running water." "Really," replied the Boston lady, "you would think they would have found out about that before moving in."

Mr. Greene's characters do tend to dwell in a world of sins, the penalties of which you might think they would have known about in advance. "The Living Room" illustrated this once again though, oddly enough considering it was written for the theatre, with far less dramatic effect than in such of his novels as "The Heart of the Matter" and "The End of the Affair."

In "The Living Room" a young girl committed suicide after having an affair with a middle-aged married man. That in essence was the plot, but, as Mr. Greene developed it, it turned into an elaborate and murky statement of religious conflicts and death at war with life. The girl, recently orphaned, was a Catholic who had lost most of her faith. Her lover was a psychologist and an atheist. Her great-uncle was a priest, crippled symbolically as an expression of Mr. Greene's spiritual doubts, who could not say mass or hear confessions or visit the sick. Her two great-aunts were frustrated old maids, the one iron-willed and cruel, the other flighty but sweet. Both of these women feared death almost as much as they had feared life, and showed their fear of it by closing off all the bedrooms in their home in which members of the family had died.

ONE of the bedrooms, untouched by death, had been converted into the living room in which the action occurred. At the rise of the curtain Mr. Greene wanted the audience to be aware that there was something wrong, something strange, about this room in which the furniture, like life itself, did not quite fit. This sense of strangeness was instantly projected by the eeriness of the stage setting. For me at least, it was further communicated in interesting enough terms

* *THE LIVING ROOM, a play by Graham Greene. Directed by Hugh Hunt. Production designed by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Gilbert Miller and Donald Albery. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Fitzgerald, Ann Shoemaker, Michael Goodliffe, Nora Nicholson, Carol Goodner, and Hazel Jones. At Henry Miller's Theatre, New York City. Opened November 17, 1954. Closed December 4, 1954.*

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by such of Mr. Greene's freakish characters as the great-aunts and the performances of all of the actors in the American production during most of the first two of the four scenes.

From then on, however, though I continued to be aware that a gifted author was trying to say something which should have been engrossing, I found that either the play slipped away from me entirely or that I slipped away from the play. "The Living Room's" initial promises of interest were not fulfilled. Its action bogged down in talk that got nowhere slowly. The strong points of conflict, which ought to have been absorbing, were stated in terms either weak or smudged. The theme lost its way and so did the play.

As a novelist and short-story writer Mr. Greene has excelled in creating suspense. Perhaps it was his very talent for writing thrillers of unusual merit that finally subtracted from the power of "The Living Room." The play's human conflict between lust and morals, desire and religion, and doubt and belief was for me obscured rather than helped by having its problem stated in a house of such incredible oddity and in the company of such eccentric caricatures as the two great-aunts.

Some of my confreres likened the shadowy atmosphere of "The Living Room" to "The Fall of the House of Usher." This atmosphere was there, overwhelmingly there, and to my way of thinking befogged rather than clarified the conflicts with which Mr. Greene grappled. No doubt he was attempting to create something of the kind of suspense Henry James so brilliantly achieved in his background for "The Turn of the Screw." But Mr. Greene's house of death, in which there was no room for the living, came to seem more ludicrous than fearsome. It had about it the quality of a Chas Addams dwelling as surely as the two freakish great-aunts seemed to have wandered in from "Ladies in Retirement."

The result was not a heightening of Mr. Greene's theme but an obstacle placed in its path, an obstacle which even an admirable cast could not surmount. Barbara Bel Geddes was lovely and moving as the young girl; Michael Goodliffe entirely believable as the middle-aged lover; Carol Goodner touching as his hysteric wife; Walter Fitzgerald winning as the priest who, though compassionate, was an uncloquent defender of the faith; and Nora Nicholson and Ann Shoemaker were excellent as the slightly deranged aunts. Even so, where one longed for light there was mainly the kind of "darkness visible" which Milton once described.

—John Mason Brown.

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The Saturday Review—January 1

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Three Problems in Film Adaptation

THE motion picture is such an amalgam of arts that its existence as an art-form in its own right is frequently overlooked. One repeatedly encounters the notion that because a movie uses great gobs of Tschaikovsky in its score, or interpolates dances by the Ballet Russe, or is based on a play by Shakespeare, it is necessarily more "artistic" than a simple, straightforward "shoot-'em-up." It's a pretty theory, and one that snob critics have been using to whack away at the film medium with ever since "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." "Caligari's" settings derived from the expressionist paintings of its day, hence it was obviously art. What its admirers failed to ask is whether it was *cinematic* art.

Clearly, this question was uppermost in Renato Castellani's thoughts as he prepared his new, ravishingly beautiful screen version of Shakespeare's **"Romeo and Juliet"** (United Artists). Castellani wanted to make it not a filmed play, but a *movie*. To an astonishing degree he succeeded. Shakespearean purists may be critical, even shocked, at the liberties he has taken with the text. Others undoubtedly will praise the film because Robert Krasker, its cinematographer, has contrived to turn the screen into a veritable art gallery of old masters. His color, lighting, and compositions repeatedly recall the works of such sixteenth-century painters as Bellini, Titian, Holbein, and Caravaggio. But to reject the film because it departs from the original—or to hail it simply for its handsome photography—is to miss the real significance of what Castellani has accomplished. He has recast a triumph of the poetic theatre for a form that is in many ways its very antithesis.

Castellani, an exponent of the Italian neo-realist school of film making, is fully aware of the camera's unique ability to show us *things*—great, sweeping landscapes or the corner of a friar's cell, a teeming market-place or the intimacy of a boudoir, all in the flash of a moment. Shakespeare, writing for a stage that was bare of scenery and with a minimum of props, had to create these backgrounds through poetic imagery. To the extent that he succeeded the need to reconstruct sets in solid, three-dimensional form disappears. But the motion-picture medium demands those shapes and forms. Its actors cannot exist in a void. Laurence Olivier, in "Hamlet," sought a compromise through shadowy constructions, suggestive and evocative. They left his film cold, contrived, and unhuman.

Castellani has met this same challenge in two ways. He has eliminated many of Shakespeare's purely descriptive passages (Juliet's speech that opens Scene II of Act III, for example), allowing the Verona streets and north Italian countryside to speak for themselves. And where the language has been retained the scenes are given a richness, a sensual beauty that fully complements and sustains it. Friar Lawrence's first appearance ("The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night") is not in his cell, but outside the walls of Verona, gathering up his "baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers" in the green serenity of early morning. And Benvolio has his first scene with Romeo by a misty, placid stream instead of in "a public place," as on the stage. In short, the film's exquisite photography is functional—not merely "artistic."

Again, because Shakespeare was writing for a bare stage, he often used rhyming couplets to indicate the end of a scene. Castellani has eliminated many of these, repeatedly substituting lap dissolves to keep the story flowing on. For it is story that he is mainly concerned with—Shakespeare's tragedy, and the human beings caught up in it. Cutting boldly for action, he has dropped many a famous line—including the entire "Queen Mab" speech. To hasten the climax he has removed the apothecary scene (Romeo now stabs himself with the same knife that Juliet uses). To heighten the climax he has inserted a quick sequence of coincidences through which Romeo just misses Friar Lawrence after Juliet's interment, all leading logically and dramatically to the final tragedy at the tomb.

Perhaps his boldest stroke of all, however, was the casting of two young and inexperienced players as the "star-cross'd lovers." To anyone accustomed to mature Juliets and middle-aged Romeos, Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall in these roles will prove a revelation. Harvey, trained with the Stratford Players, has a light, lovely

—From "Romeo and Juliet."

Susan Shentall and Laurence Harvey—"the emotional truth emerges."

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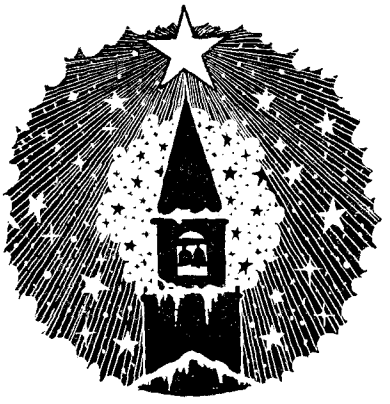
voice, a fine diction, but he acts without fire or any great intensity. Miss Shentall, blonde and placid as a Fra Angelico madonna, reveals her lack of professional training in a curiously halting delivery. And yet, despite these faults, the emotional truth of Shakespeare's drama emerges as it rarely has in more finished performances. Because Miss Shentall *looks* like a young girl, she conveys fully the utter lostness of Juliet when father, mother, and nurse turn against her after Romeo has fled Verona. Because Laurence Harvey *looks* like a youthful lover, he bounds and moons and mourns without the sense of affectation that marred even so memorable a Romeo as Leslie Howard's. Their Romeo and Juliet achieve a poignancy, an urgency, a credibility as human beings that I, at least, have never before encountered on stage or screen. For once I found myself hoping that Friar Lawrence would reach the tomb in time to avert the tragedy.

In the supporting cast, Flora Robson and Mervyn Johns are outstanding as the nurse and Friar Lawrence (their roles have gained in stature through the trimming of other parts). Norman Wooland makes a graceful and beautifully spoken Paris, Sebastian Cabot seems a Holbein come-to-life as Capulet, and John Gielgud reads the introductory Chorus with a dignity and directness that sets the tone for the entire production. Surrealist Leonor Fini has created a gallery of period costumes that are both handsome and dramatic. And the timeless beauty of Verona and Mantua provide a richness of *décor* that no studio could hope to rival. There may be more poetic productions of "Romeo and Juliet" than this one, but it is hard to imagine that it will ever be excelled either in physical beauty or sheer cinematic intelligence.

WHILE Shakespeare's plays remain a challenging Everest to moviemakers everywhere, works from the foothills of our contemporary theatre are constantly being quarried for use in Hollywood. And yet, though the modern, realistic drama would seem to be considerably closer to the motion-picture medium than Shakespeare's poetic plays, their adaptation into movies are not always an unqualified success. Screenwriters learned early that it was not enough simply to set the camera in front of some scenery and let the actors go on about their stage business. No matter how electric the drama, it was invariably shortcircuited on a stagnant screen. But even today many of them are only just beginning to realize that there is a good deal more to the filmic adaptation of plays than breaking each scene down into



a variety of backgrounds, with two lines in the taxi, three in the elevator, and two more in the living room.

For there is a profound difference between watching a play and watching a movie, a psychological difference created by the camera. The camera, penetrating instrument that it is, brings us close to the people of the drama. In the theatre, we are prepared to watch and listen until the situation unfolds and begins to grip us either intellectually or emotionally. At the movies our psychological defenses are down. We respond immediately, almost psychically, to those huge faces on the screen. We identify ourselves with them and their problems. If the film fails to establish that *rapport*, that empathy between its characters and the people in the audience, it remains cold and lifeless. And not even a new background for every second line will give to it the kind of animation that is the special province of the movie.

George Seaton, who both adapted and directed the new film version of Clifford Odets's play of a few seasons ago, **"The Country Girl"** (Paramount), reveals a keen awareness of this difference between the two media. His credit title reads, "Written for the screen by George Seaton"—and that is precisely what he has done. His "Country Girl" still holds to Odets's basic characters and situation: an aging actor, frightened by the responsibility of a starring role in a show, uses his wife as a mask to hide his own insecurity. But Seaton has changed, reshaped, even re-created the play for film purposes. (One of the difficulties of adapting Shakespeare is that the adapter has much less freedom to make such drastic alterations.)

Seaton opens his film not in the mean and shabby hotel room of the original, but in the theatre itself. The show is in rehearsal. The company needs a leading man, a singer. The director hopes to engage Frank Elgin, once a popular star but a bad risk now because he's known to be a drinker. Elgin is given a hearing, the producer agrees to take a chance on him—and Elgin disappears. Thus, in the first ten minutes of the film the *milieu* is established, the main line of action set in motion, and the main character sympathetically introduced. An empathy is quickly established because all these things have been *seen* by the audience, not simply talked about.

This is not to suggest—as some more rigid film estheticians would have it—that the spoken word is an obtrusion in a primarily visual art. There are ideas too subtle for pantomime, too elusive for gesture, and for these dialogue is essential. Seaton, radio-trained and a top screenwriter before turning director, is not afraid of dialogue. At several points he immobilizes his camera completely for minutes on end to give full attention to the words. But once the words have registered the camera is promptly turned loose again to prowl, to observe character and the mounting tensions of a play in rehearsal. Seaton displays a canny sense for the balance between words and visuals—and the basic cinematic sense to know that the visuals must come first.

His camera presents, for example, many things that words alone could never convey—mood, atmosphere, the "feel" of an empty theatre after the actors have left it and the work light is turned on, the backstage fluster of a Broadway opening night, and, through a beautifully imagined lingering lap dissolve, the startling contrast between the early, successful Elgin and the present failure. Throughout, Seaton receives splendid support from his cast. Grace Kelly is blazing and eloquent as the wife, William Holden bitingly forthright as the young director, Anthony Ross properly harassed as a producer. And Bing Crosby's portrait of the weak-willed, fear-ridden, talented drunk exceeds anything he has yet done on the screen. Seaton and Crosby developed the role together, shaping and changing it to meet their conception of Frank Elgin. As a result, admirers of the original play may protest that this character (and Holden's director as well) differs in some essential ways from what Odets had in mind. It's a valid protest. But more important is the fact that Seaton, holding to the theme of the play, has fashioned from it a new work, valid as a film and peopled with characters who are fully-dimensioned and absorbing in their own right.

THE animated film, though a branch of the movies, has its own laws. Problems of identification and empathy take second place to the underlying challenge it offers the artist—to create freely, out of his own imagination, a picture he can move through space and time *at his own will*. The cartoon film is a seven-minute flight of fancy, re-

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stricted only by the art and imagination of the man who makes it.

Interestingly enough, whenever cartoons have been elongated to feature length the producers have turned to outside sources for inspiration—generally to fairytales and children's classics—as if afraid that their own creativity might not sustain the greater length. Disney, of course, has always interpolated considerable original material in his "Snow Whites" and "Cinderellas," as well as characters invented by his talented staff. The English cartoonists John Halas and Joy Batchelor, adapting George Orwell's great political satire, **"Animal Farm"** (De Rochemont), set themselves a task that was both easier and more difficult. Orwell's spare, vivid prose is almost picture writing: "The hens perched themselves on the windowsills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud." It reads like a shot sequence. Except for a change at the very end (a suggestion of a new revolution), and the elimination of some of the minor incidents, human characters, and animals, Halas and Batchelor were able to reproduce Orwell's book almost line for line.

But Orwell intended "Animal Farm" as a grim parable on the rise of the modern totalitarian state, the state in which, as he says, "All animals are equal—but some animals are more equal than others." The whole point of his book was that the parallels be apparent, its characters and types recognized. The pig leaders of the revolution, Napoleon, Snowball, and Squealer, the sturdy proletarian Boxer, and Benjamin, the pessimistic donkey—all had to be created in film to carry through that recognition. Obviously, animation was called for. But the imagination of the animators was necessarily restricted to problems of characterization for the *dramatis animali,* planning their appearance, mannerisms, and backgrounds.

As a result, "Animal Farm" emerges more successfully as an honest adaptation of the Orwell book than as a significant contribution to the art of the cartoon film. The pigs are properly hateful, Boxer is noble and long-suffering, the lean black hounds (the secret police) frightening and terrible. But the entire film gives a sense of being tied too closely to its source—while lacking the urbane mockery and keen cutting edge of Orwell's prose. Perhaps its main significance is the suggestion that the feature-length cartoon can be used as a medium for something beyond fairytale storytelling. Unfortunately, "Animal Farm" implies rather than proves this contention. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

TV AND RADIO

TV's Withered Dames

THE *B.B.C. Quarterly* is a journal for those interested in the art and science of broadcasting. In its Autumn 1954 issue (regrettably the last) there is an article, "Shakespeare on Television," by Michael Barry, head of television drama for the British Broadcasting Corporation. The author, writing of an English TV production of "Macbeth," states: "The director was now working very much in close-up, and over all we were carried too close to the play, with the result that it was difficult to view the whole with a clear perspective. Significantly, the *witches* were remembered after more important scenes in the tragedy had been forgotten." "Double, double, toil and trouble"—the three weird sisters of Shakespeare's dark drama of crime with blood have also loomed unreasonably over every American television presentation of "Macbeth."

Inevitably they have ministered to their mistress, Hecate, and hissed their prophecies at Macbeth in some form of sinister and grotesque ballet movement. The sense of their spoken Elizabethean obscurities is difficult enough to follow on the printed page. On TV, writhing, contorted, choreographic, the witches have officiated, without fail, over steaming cauldrons of stage-waits. Maurice Evans, the Shakespearean actor-producer, however, managed to slow the Grymalkins up to an agreeably understandable walk on his recent television presentation of "Macbeth" for Hallmark Greeting Cards on NBC. (The production was transmitted in RCA compatible color, but this report is on the monochrome reception.) Instead of witches' figures in the opening scene, there were witches' faces, looking directly down on the camera, as into a pool: faces—and hands, bony-fingered, making approved union witches' passes in the air. The pot and the cooking were gone: arrived was the opportunity to hear clearly what the witches were saying. Mr. Evans unbearded them, though. Speaks Banquo in Act I, Scene 3, of the original text:

> You should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me
> to interpret
> That you are so.

The Hallmark witches had no beards; they appeared as not too weird maiden aunts.

This offering to the gods of the living room was not without new damage, though. In the same scene, on looking upon the witches for the first time, Banquo asks:

> What are these
> So wither'd, and so wild in their
> attire,
> They look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't?

Any similarity between the image Banquo conjured up and the work of the NBC costume and make-up departments was purely coincidental. And there you have the very essence of the difficulty with Macbeth's witches on television.

Wreak havoc with their "fillet of a fenny snake" routines in the good cause of clarity; and the same strokes that simplify them to the ear, double-bladed, cut large swaths in the "foul and filthy air," the strange and violent seas of terror that underlie and overcompass the heavy, damned, and monstrous universe in which the career of the Thane of Glamis takes sudden fire and comets to its doom. The impact of the play depends on a cumulative build-up of "horrid deeds" and "horrible imaginings." The sensitive stomachs of TV audiences and the technical limitations of the TV screen tend to work against the ideal effect, to delete, dilute, scale down for general taste and comprehension. And, as the play's nerve-ends are tied in neat, surgical curlers, so the vital fluid of it is lost.

Act IV, Scene 1, is a case in point: the cavern scene, in which Macbeth, having murdered King Duncan and noble Banquo, comes to the witches to seek reassuring portents of his uneasy future. On stage, screen, on less recent TV, this scene has ever presented the supreme challenge to the scenic designer. For here before the amazed murderer's eyes must pass the apparitions of an armed Head, a bloody Child, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, and a show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand, Banquo's Ghost following. In Mr. Evans's production the challenge was wisely refused. Macbeth lies down, instead, upon his own bed in his castle, and dreams. The witches appear above his head in the

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dream and speak their prophecies. Modern, intimate, a benediction to the budget, and swift and clear to the plot line. Yet again—who can say how much of the tragedy's power and pernicious charm vanished in that dream?

What is the answer to this problem? How shall television "do" Macbeth's witches? TV has no "secret, black, and midnight hags" of its own to unfold the solution. The producers can only continue to experiment with this most fascinating of TV-Shakespeare problems (short of those presented by "The Tempest"—the witches are amateurs compared to Prospero). In many respects the Hallmark "Macbeth" was the most successful thus far presented. Though Mr. Evans is rather too lyric for the role of Macbeth, his readings were clear. He surrounded himself with the strongest supporting cast a TV "Macbeth" has offered here, chiefly Judith Anderson, eloquently fierce and sickly as the dark advocate of her lord's ambition. Staats Cotsworth as Banquo, House Jameson as Duncan—the warm and single sun of this world of horrors, Richard Waring as Macduff, and Guy Sorel as Ross—these were a core of gifted actors. Not surprisingly, they are radio veterans, with much more to offer television than is currently being advantaged of. In their collective hands the power of the play was movingly advanced.

If Mr. Evans leaned courageously to simplicity in his treatment of the witches, he erred in attempting the spectacular in the play's closing battle scenes. The "heave-ho-ing" of a dozen helmeted extras, battering the door of Macbeth's palace, purporting to be ten thousand Scot patriots with English allies, was less than convincing. The same may be said for the duel between Macbeth and Macduff with its carefully measured and rehearsed hacking of swords. We can be thankful, however, that we were spared the sight of Macbeth's decapitated head, which unsavory vision was luridly served up to us in a former production.

As in England, so here: Shakespeare on TV has explored two schools of production thought. One opens up the play, pushing it back and out and letting us see more of the scenery. The other closes in and gives us greater detail. The fine supporting acting on the Hallmark "Macbeth" suggests an obvious, perhaps overlooked, third school—accent on good actors. In the parlance of the trade—when you're doing Shakespeare—don't go for the stars, the scenery, or for the visual tricks; go for the performances.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Manon" at the Met—Milstein and Novaes

A PRODUCTION of Massenet's "Manon" with Pierre Monteux conducting would seem well on the way to being something memorable, and the Metropolitan's current production in such wise fulfilled that promise for a full four minutes of the orchestral prelude. Then the curtain rose, and the accumulation of encumbrances began, and eventually one had the same kind of "Manon," substantially, as the Metropolitan has provided for the last decade or so, though with greater orchestral suavity and occasional bursts of beautiful singing. As an illusion, however, it left much out, while putting much in that was unwanted.

The beautiful vocalization came primarily from Victoria de los Angeles, but Manon is a role in which one has to make a sharp distinction between vocalization and characterization. As directed by Dino Yannopoulos, Miss de los Angeles got along swimmingly in Acts I and II, but rather too literally so, for the excess of arm movements—trudgeon, crawl, and breast stroke—left her less a Manon than when she had depended largely on her own resources in a previous Metropolitan production. Effort on her part was abundant, but she was, to me, a far more believable character in the formal hoopskirt and powdered wig of the Cours la Reine scene than in the realistic, white (unfortunate choice!) she wore earlier.

However, the audience was indifferent to these shortcomings, applauding her without stint. This may be a matter of taste, but the enthusiasm for Cesare Valetti as the Chevalier des Grieux can only be construed as charitable. His tenorino voice lacks the ring or fervor for any real service in this role, though he threaded his way through "La Reve" with a good deal of finesse, and saved his small power shrewdly for a climax in "Ah' Fuyez douce image" in the St. Sulpice scene.

With experience, Fernando Correna's Lescaut may become a characterization of subtlety and vocal strength; as of now it reflects too strongly the *buffo* inclinations of this able singer who is, after all, more a basso than the baritone required by Massenet. His aria in Act III was well managed, if not well sung. In place of Jerome Hines, the scheduled but indisposed Comte des Grieux, Lorenzo Alvary provided a diligent imitation of a *grand seigneur*. To my taste, the best performance of all was that of George Cehanovsky as De Bretigny, a characterization which would not have been out of place in a Farrar-Caruso cast with Toscanini conducting. Shakeh Vartenissian made a promising debut as a well-sounding Poussette.

Picking and choosing from the warehouse stock, Rudolf Bing and associates arranged a plausible makeshift out of Krehan-Crayon's first-act set for the 1949 production of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," a second-act interior borrowed from "The Rake's Progress" (Tom Rakewell's London home moved across the channel), and other bits of new and old. The Cours la Reine exterior was embellished by an elaborate ballet featuring Mia Slavenska, suitably supervised by Zachary Solov.

Certainly there was an affection for Massenet and his creation in this production which should give many audiences a renewed interest in his best work. However, one wonders whether Monteux's long separation from the French musical theatre has not induced a kind of deliberation which, if not disastrous in last year's "Faust," was nevertheless debilitating. In a work of the swiftly fluctuating dramatic impulses of "Manon," inertia was too often the unmoving impulse.

* * *

Boris Blacher, of Berlin, whose complicated orchestral work called "Ornaments" was unrapturously received at its Philharmonic premiere last year, had a retroactive success with an earlier work titled "Variations on a Theme by Paganini" under George Szell's direction recently. This chip of the older Blacher is a decidedly less controversial work, based on the same Paganini theme appropriated by Brahms and Rachmaninoff.

If the problem in a sixteen-variation sequence is to write rhythmically varied, flashily instrumental patterns, then he has achieved his end. If one looks to it for something more expressive, in the manner of Brahms, Elgar, Rachmaninoff, D'Indy, Dohnanyi, or others who have used such schemes to artistic ends, Blacher does not qualify. Szell did his work with exceptional competence as did the orchestra.

Some of the finest violin playing heard in recent seasons was provided on this same evening by Nathan Milstein, in playing the A minor concerto of Bach and particularly the G minor of Bruch. As those who have been following his recent career (either live or on records) are aware, Milstein has found deeper springs of expressiveness and artistic purpose within himself lately than have been evident before. He was a splendid violinist on the first appearances in New York that this twenty-fifth anniversary commemorated; but he has added qualities of artistry that once seemed a while in coming but have really blossomed of late. His conviction about the value of the much-abused Bruch concerto was evident from first note to last, also his solid mastery of every problem it presents. Given such a vote of confidence, enthusiastically seconded by Szell, the sturdy old work—though, it may be recalled, the creation of an emotionally charged young man of twenty-eight—held the audience absorbed. Berlioz ("Roman Carnival") began the evening, and Ravel ("Daphnis et Chloe," No. 2) concluded.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

The fervent applause that Guomar Novaes earned at her recent Town Hall appearance was testimony both to her superlative artistry and to the taste of an audience that filled the hall and overflowed the stage. In this enthusiastic response to her subtle musicianship and instrumental finesse, I detected signs of a revolt, overdue certainly, against the bang-bang, faster-faster, stop-go pianism of our concert colts.

Novaes has the most effective of all artistic elements: individuality. She makes her own laws and almost always justifies them. Her melodic gift soars without effort or insistence, and yet is never lacking in noble sonority. Her keyboard ease is naturalness itself, her rubato flawlessly wrought.

Had she given us but the reserved breadth of the Bach Prelude that opened the afternoon, the romantic rightness of Schumann's "Kinderscenen," and the Chopin "Barcarolle," one would have marked the afternoon as memorable. In addition, she furnished an invaluable example in planning with her choice of perfectly performed encores. There are moments, occasionally, when one is puzzled by capriciousness or digression from the text, when one wants to ask "Why?"

But to criticize is to carp when one has been enriched by such an experience.

—ABRAM CHASINS.

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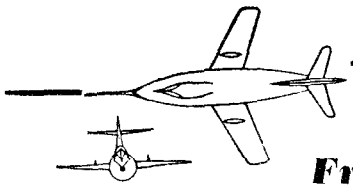


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Lokal with the Fröhlichen Athmosphäre

KLOSTERS, SWITZERLAND.

WITH winter waiting in the wings I slipped down to Switzerland over the weekend, and paused in Zurich long enough to spend an afternoon in Franz Karl Weber's and an evening at the *Kindli*, before assaulting the nearby Alps.

Mr. Weber's place on the *Bahnhofstrasse* is given over to toys, and what with the approaching season the air was filled with floating helicopters, with cable-cars climbing on strings across the chasm of counters, and with the rasp of pigmy automobiles that have real horns, real headlights, real music-box radios, and everything short of a real backseat driver. One whole floor is given over to electric trains, and the less said about *that* the better it will be with the Manufacturer's Trust Company, which is in charge of my exchequer. For the girls there was a bay full of dolls, a real washing-machine, and a stove with real heat, necessitating, one could presume, a medicine chest equipped with real Unguentine.

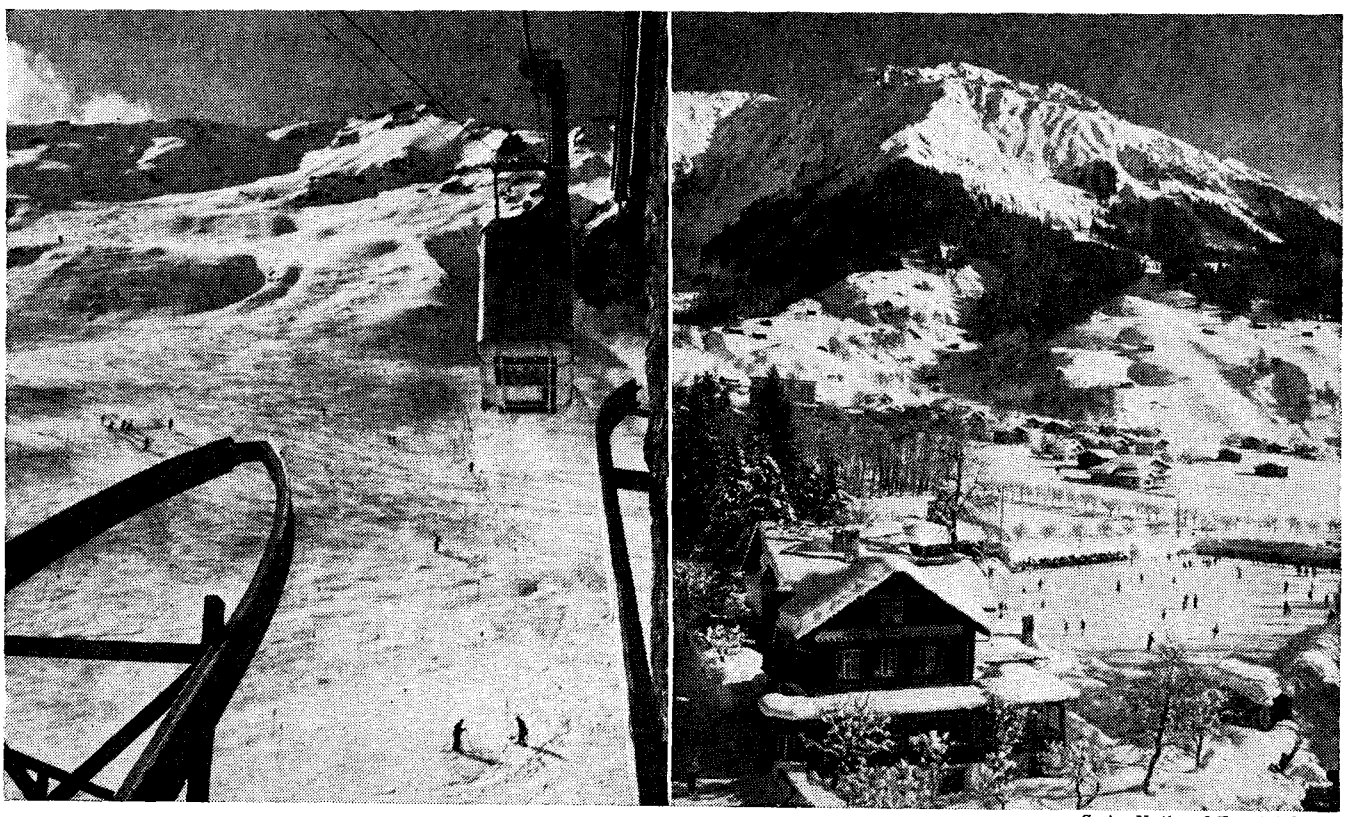
A number of Swiss, intent on proving that Zurich is really Paris-in-the-Mountains, hustled us over to a tiny establishment called the Müllerei where one was expected to demolish servings of *raclette*—melted cheese on toast—faster than they could be made by the chef. Thus fortified, I was—with other journalists who had flown with Scandinavian Airlines on the inaugural polar flight—bundled into a boisterous beer den known as the Kindli located at Pfalzgasse 1, Rennweg, and advertised as "*Das Lokal Mit Der Fröhlichen Athmosphäre.*"

Through the smoke one could determine a number of practitioners of the Alpine horn, the yodel, and other local devices for producing music. When the total assemblage restrained itself from group singing, a triumvirate known as the Trio Schmid appeared amid the fröhlichen athmosphäre and knocked down the house with a wide repertoire. At least I came to know they were the Trio Schmid because the next morning at the hotel I received a large packet of photographs, publicity material, a water-color, and a letter which ran as follows:

> Herewith we want to thank you for your surprising visit of yesterday night. You can't imagine how glad we were to have the Press-Representatives of the greatest Democracy in our middle. We tryed everything to make you feeling at home and hope that you spent a enjoyable evening at our place. It was a pleasure for us to give you an idea of the life in small but exploring Switzerland.
> A photo of the Trio Schmid and a short life-story of them and the old restaurant *Kindli* shall be a souvenir of a nice evening spent together.
> We hope very much that whenever you come to Switzerland you will drop into the *Kindli* and give us the pleasure to have you again in our middle.
>
> Yours very faithfully,
> Trio Schmid

REFLECTING on the evening I recalled that one Press-Representative of the greatest Democracy felt so inspired, while in everyone's middle, that he picked up a clarinet and delivered himself of a somewhat shaky version of the "St. Louis Blues." Ever the pragmatists, a Swiss at my elbow, glanced over at me, between clinkers, and said, "I'm afraid, sir, the value of the dollar is going down."

To be sure, the Swiss franc emerged, if anything, strengthened by the performance of the Trio Schmid. I felt constrained to read of their background which was outlined in detail in the folder they had sent me. It turned out that they had been discovered by Teddy Stauffer, erstwhile



—Swiss National Tourist Office.

"Klosters, a happy little valley town that seems destined to become a sort of Hollywood in the hills."

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husband of Hedy Lamarr, who put them into a film. They were a hit and under Stauffer's direction here is what happened:

> He took the trio with his band on Tournée, they made records together and so the Trio Schmid became a comprehension all over Europe. . . . In occassion of an important festival in Nizza, which has the same significance as the Oscar award for film stars, for singers from all over Europe, the Schmids got a price. On the Walddorf-stage in Berlin 25,000 peoples got nuts for their singing and soon they had a lot of engagements for the Television. . . . The Trio Schmid is today a comprehension in european show business as well as in the Television, Radio and Record business. The Trio is composed by the sister Claire, by Willy and by Werner.

Thus filled with a *fröhlichen athmosphäre* provided by Claire, Willy, and Werner, I took the train the next morning and headed deep into small but exploring Switzerland. The season's first snow had fallen in Klosters, a happy little valley town that seems destined to become a sort of Hollywood in the hills. Writers, directors, stars, and those members of café society who venture outdoors in the winter have chosen Klosters as their own retreat possibly because it looks like Hollywood's idea of a Swiss mountain resort.

IT HAPPENED by sheerest circumstance to be market day when I arrived, and peddlers had come to spread their stalls along main street, selling alpine hats and cattle rigs and piles of *magenbrot*, or stomach bread, a bittersweet cake spiced with cinnamon. Young farmers in sky-blue *prätigau* tunics and alpine hats and flat milk cans strapped to their back chatted with little Swiss misses in pigtails and high stockings. And an old cattledriver in knickerbockers and curled-toe ski boots and a great silver chain across his chest haggled with a vendor and smoked a great curled pipe that was hidden in the maquis of his beard. Hollywood's snug little favorite, a hotel called the Chesa Grischuna, tacked a sign on its hand-carved door announcing its market day specials—*käsekuchen*, a flat cake, and *zwiebelkuchen*, a steaming onion pie.

By the dead of winter you can add to this scene Kirk Douglas and Howard Hawks up from making films in Egypt and Rome. The season rarely fails to produce Gene Kelly and Anatole Litvak. Irwin Shaw has already rented Villa Thalgrund, which is just next door to the Villa Primula, inhabited by Mr. and

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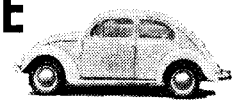

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Mrs. Hans Hauser and their young son. Mr. Hauser is a ski instructor. Mrs. Hauser, under the name of Virginia Hill, was the star of the Kefauver follies on television. They have already been joined for the winter by Virginia's Alabama brother and his pretty Mexican wife. The Hausers live in the tiny village all year around and so does another American named Everett Earling, a mystery man of quiet demeanor who leaves when the Hausers leave and returns when they return, and who—it is darkly hinted—is really an agent of the Internal Revenue.

A HOUSEKEEPING apartment in Klosters for a family of four would probably come to about 600 francs a month, or less than $150, and maids are easy to get at two francs, or fifty cents an hour. All told there are 1,300 hotel beds in town and 1,700 in private homes, but over Christmas and New Year's a man without a reservation is a man in trouble.

For four dollars a day you can stay at places like the Pension Rhatikon, an earthy establishment whose front door the other day displayed a sign reading Hier Gibt's Fondue!—we serve fondue, a boiling pot of melted cheese into which all the family may dip chunks of bread. In a corner of its tavern four old crones sat by the window smoking gnarled Brissagos, drinking red Veltliner, and playing Swiss jass.

Down by the station the Alpiner Hotel, its windows framed in greenery, its owner the chef, its reputation for food unsurpassed, charges less than six dollars a day room and meals and all surcharges included. On the other hand, the more glamorous Silvretta, an old standby that rises with

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 600

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 600 will be found in the next issue.

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DPL, CARCPF PODCABD.

—QPTO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 599
Admiration begins where acquaintance ceases.—Johnson.

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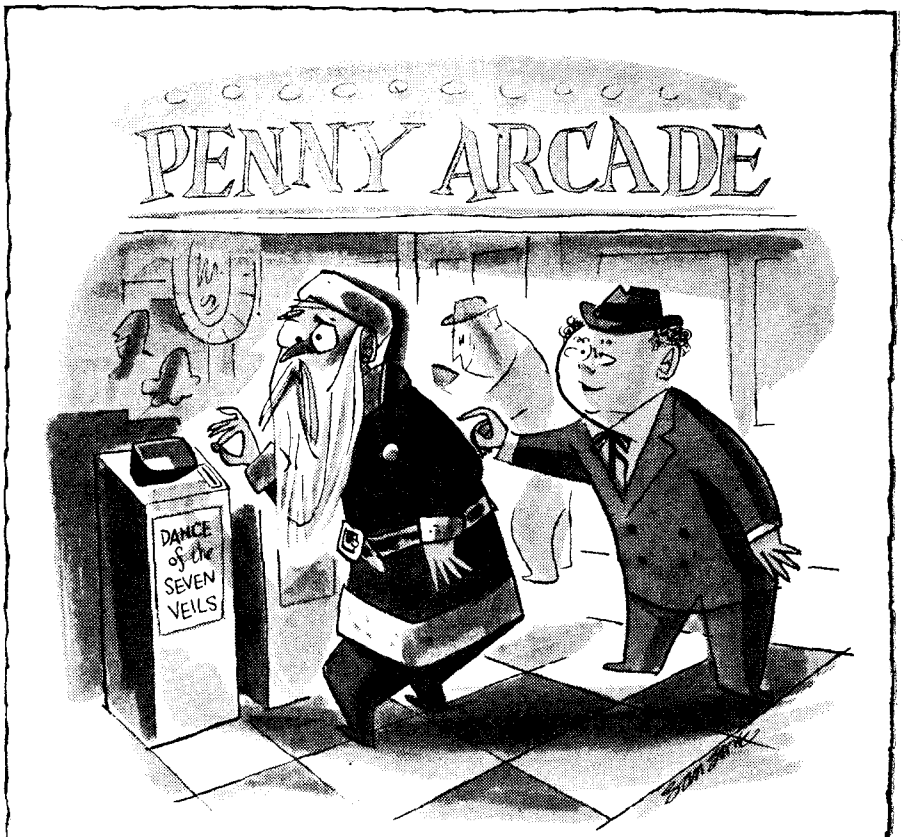

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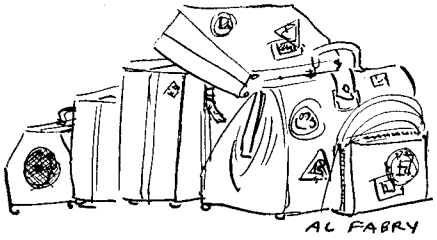
some majesty by the banks of the Landquart, a river which flows into the Rhine, charges $10 to $13 a day, dresses up twice a week for galas. Part of its 120-room expanse is over 100 years old. It was built as an inn at the bottom of the road to Davos, a logical place to change horses before climbing up through the pass.

As for the Chesa Grischuna, it might be helpful first to explain that Grischuna means Grisons in Romansch, the fourth official tongue of Switzerland still spoken in parts of the Grisons, especially near St. Moritz. Its main inn is a Swiss delight with low ceilings, bowers of flowers in gleaming copper urns, a radio in every room, and terraces opening out to the slopes beyond. There are two other chalets and the Hotel Weisskreuz all under the same local ownership, and rates run $11 a day for quarters with a bath, $9 without, and both tariffs include meals, tips, taxes, and even the heating charges, which many Swiss hotels once felt disposed to itemize on their statements.

Villas of beer barons and watchmakers and textile merchants climb the side of the Alpen Rosli, a slope also reserved for morning skiing. Afternoons the activity moves with the sun to the Selfranga. You can count on seven hours of good sun by February, eight to nine hours in March. There is a wide assortment of cable-cars, T-bars, and rope tows, the details of which I won't bother you with now, but suffice it to say that one isn't required to move a centimeter uphill on one's own energy.

About all else I can tell you is that the ski instructors are blacksmiths in the summer, that you can get to Klosters from Zurich in two-hours-and-a-half by rail or car all winter long, and that you can get to Zurich in a day from Hollywood over the top of the world via Winnipeg, Greenland, and Copenhagen or direct from New York via the usual way stations. There are lots of children's homes in Klosters where you can board the *kinder,* should you be so disposed, and I should also inform you that if you forget your ski pants, they are vended in town at Colette Harrison's, a lady celebrated as the former wife of Rex. One thing about Klosters. You can never tell who you're going to have in your middle.

—Horace Sutton.



Business

Continued from page 19

store to the "private socialism" of giant corporations.

The motivation of executive management is expressed in terms of financial as well as non-financial incentives such as "power, prestige, emulation, creative urge, group identification, loyalty, security needs, and service." "Even the profit drive of the corporation as a whole is sometimes neglected over considerable periods," the author declares, "in the interest of its continuity, security, or standing."

In treating the relationship between personality and business success, Mr. Lauterbach considers specific factors of personality as of great importance in determining the varied patterns of business or financial behavior, whether normal or abnormal. "What the social scientist is mainly interested in is the incidence of those personality-forming influences that tend to produce the specific kinds of emotional detachment, assertive drive, or aggressiveness that are conducive to business success later in life."

DISCUSSING the subject of "How is Business Done?" Mr. Lauterbach places emphasis on a great variety of psychological factors that guide decision-making. He points out that its pattern changes "with the socio-cultural, institutional, group, and personal variables." Under certain conditions it may, in fact, deviate in an almost incredible degree from what is ordinarily classified as "economic determination of business decisions."

The author apparently is an academic and philosophical optimist. Economists of the conventional, "hard-boiled" school may find his analysis and interpretation of the history of American business as reflecting somewhat the attitude of a Utopian, but his work is solidly documented and his data seem complete. He offers a program of "genuine economic reform" for Western society—a program based on high living standards; facilities for health and education to establish the necessary framework for an ever-rising productivity and at the same time to increase both the life space and the life energy of the people; a real home for everybody; economic stability; an atmosphere of equal opportunity; diversity of recognized incentives; a new conception of property as a tool of personal satisfaction among many, not as self-purpose; the recognition of competition as a valid method of self-assertion, in contrast to the kind of rivalry that aims at monopolistic exclusion of others; opportunity for enjoyment of work from real assurance regarding the specific social function and value of contribution; a generous attitude towards an old-age way of life, and so on.

Mr. Lauterbach's program is a noble one, and as an interpretation of the best part of American thinking in matters of economics, it surely must have great influence. Such a book is challenging, even disturbing; but it is too well documented, too patently inspired, too intelligently organized, to be ignored. This reviewer urges its reading by scholars, bankers, entrepreneurs, and, above all, legislators.

Big and/or Bad

BIG BUSINESS—MENACE OR BOON?: Over the past seventy-five years big business has undergone significant changes in structure and aims, but on the whole public opinion has not yet reconciled its recognition of the opportunities and products that could come about only through big business know-how with its fear that bigness may throttle competition through monopoly. To find an answer to this fear, economist A. D. H. Kaplan has devoted several years to study the historic development of **"Big Enterprise in a Competitive System"** (Brookings Institution, $4), analyzing its present role. For purposes of the study the field has been narrowed down to 300 industrial corporations with total assets above fifty million dollars and a minimum of 5,000 employes, who furnish a fair cross-section of big business—defined in terms of ability to exert significant influence on markets. Dr. Kaplan tackles the problem systematically, first by measuring big business quantitatively in relation to our economy and then evaluating their performance in relation to our entire competitive system.

Dr. Kaplan points out the fallacy of assuming "that large-scale corporations enjoy secure entrenchment by virtue of their size." By tracing the mobility of position among the largest one hundred big business concerns, he finds that over a long span of years there has been a considerable turnover. The key to bigness is the ability to meet consumer preferences and alert product and market development.

As a result of considerable statistical research, and within the limited boundaries of the study, Dr. Kaplan comes to the following conclusion: "Big business has not merely been kept effectively subject to a competitive system; on the whole it has also made an essential contribution to its scope, vitality, and effectiveness."

—Siegfried Mandel.

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Let's End Our Calendar Chaos

Continued from page 9

1910—from the International Chamber of Commerce. This agency repeatedly urged calendar reform. It definitely determined that the Vatican had no objection, then persuaded the Swiss Government to begin a study with the view of calling a world conference. But World War I intervened. After the Armistice Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's magnificent symbol of freedom, began advocating a new calendar, and in 1923 the subject was taken up by the League of Nations.

The League examined more than 185 different calendar plans. One split the year into seventy-three weeks of five days each: to be called Ano, Beno, Ceno, Deno, and Eno. Another had ten-day weeks. One had twenty months, with some weeks six days long, others seven. One proposed nine forty-day months, with five "blank" days at the end of the year. Another abolished months and numbered the days consecutively, one to 365. Another shortened the year to 364 days, allowing the dropped days and the Leap-Year Days to accumulate until, every twenty-two years, there were enough for a Leap Month.

The League narrowed everything down to two plans: the twelve-month, equal-quarter World Calendar, and a thirteen-month scheme pushed by George Eastman's ample finances. (The extra month, called Sol, was to be inserted between June and July.) But this thirteen-month plan was soon out of the running; it is remembered chiefly because of a bizarre feature: every month had a Friday the Thirteenth. In 1937, when fourteen nations voted for the twelve-month World Calendar, the thirteen-month scheme didn't get one vote.

The big news today is that pivotal India has taken the lead in calendar reform. Back in 1931 Mahatma Gandhi squatted on the floor of a London room with a handsome, shy, blue-eyed American who has devoted a quarter century of her life and a substantial slice of her fortune to the World Calendar. Elizabeth Achelis, often called "the calendar lady," explained it to Gandhi, who subsequently urged world adoption of the new calendar. Nevertheless, in the 1937 League poll India was one of six countries voting against the World Calendar. After India got her independence, however, attitudes began to change.

In 1952 Prime Minister Nehru named a calendar reform committee, and early in 1953 he publicly stated that today's calendar, introduced by Caesar in 45 B.C., and readjusted by Pope Gregory in 1582, "has defects which make it unsatisfactory for universal use." Then in the fall of 1953 the Government of India proposed to the U.N. the adoption of the World Calendar. India officially stated this reform would overcome the "drawbacks of the present Gregorian Calendar. It is scientific, uniform, stable, and perpetual. It offers harmony and order to all strata of society—government, finance, industry, labor, retail trade, administration of justice, home life, transportation, and education."

India's first move was to get calendar reform on the agenda of the Economic and Social Council. Three years earlier the United States and the United Kingdom had blocked little Panama's attempt to get calendar reform on a U.N. agenda. But when the two tried to block India's move they were impressively outvoted, twelve to two.

ANOTHER highly important development: major powers are now lining up behind the new calendar. When the League took its poll fourteen nations approved the new calendar, but not one of them was a major power. When Panama tried to get calendar reform considered in 1949 no major power gave support. But in 1953 the move for a new calendar was not only led by India but supported by such powers as France, Egypt, and Uruguay. And at the Geneva meeting last July Soviet Russia, which formerly had abstained, moved into the new calendar camp. According to the official U.N. records, the Soviet delegate made a statement to the effect that the USSR delegation was in favor of the proposed calendar reform.

Soviet Russia's support was particularly significant since only a month before the meeting the Roman Catholic Church had made known that it was willing to collaborate with the United Nations in calendar reform. In a front-page article in the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano,* the Rev. Daniel J. K. O'Connell, director of the Vatican Observatory, explained that the plan for the World Calendar was devised by a Catholic priest, and stated that "the Church has no reason to oppose in principle a modification of the present calendar." Father O'Connell said further that such faulty features as months with odd lengths, quarters varying from ninety to ninety-two days, and a second half of the year three days longer than the first, were not put in

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our calendar by Pope Gregory but were "inherited from Pagan Rome."

Most Protestant denominations have taken a similar position. A few have endorsed the World Calendar outright. Some opposition still comes from extremely orthodox groups, Jewish and Protestant, on the grounds that a "blank" day would cause more than six days to intervene between some Sabbaths. However, the official United Nations document prepared by Secretary General Trygve Lie states that "this disadvantage affects only a very small part of the population of the world."

THE main obstacle is apathy. Many people don't realize how much our chaotic calendar is costing them. On learning the facts they usually become new-calendar boosters. For instance, Hilding Tornebohm, manufacturing head of Sweden's SKF Industries, reports that shortly before he was elected president of the International Organization for Standardization (of weights and measures) in 1952 he heard about the World Calendar and thought it his duty to study calendars. After investigation he concluded that business planning was crippled by calendar irregularities. "A businessman," he says, "wants to estimate the probable consumption of a certain article of merchandise within an approaching period of time; a railroad wants to estimate the volume of traffic for the next month or quarter; a community administration wants to chart the expected variations in the demand for electricity, gas, or water. All endeavor to solve their problems by means of comparisons with corresponding periods in preceding years. But accurate conclusions cannot be reached unless the periods are precisely comparable. Under the present calendar this is well-nigh impossible without costly and time-consuming adjustments."

Big business tried to meet this with costly research. Small business can't afford it. In either case, the consumer pays the extra bill. President Norman Call of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad tells me that the new calendar would facilitate railroad operations, cut costs, thereby help economic progress. Railroad forecasts, estimates, and plans lean heavily on past and current records. Many railroad men say a stable calendar would aid in anticipating the make-up of trains and planning the allocation of rolling stock. Moreover, according to an engineering consultant who made a special railroad investigation, a stable calendar would simplify railroad schedules by synchronizing weekdays and month-dates.

Years ago the new calendar was endorsed by *Traffic World*, the bible of many railroad men. In Canada, which led the whole continent in establishing Standard Time, it has been endorsed by the Canadian Railway Association, as well as by both the Canadian Manufacturers Association and labor organizations representing over 83 per cent of the nation's organized labor. The French railroads officially declared for a new calendar thirty years ago.

Arthur Kaufmann, executive head of Gimbel Brothers in Philadelphia, says the World Calendar would simplify and unify the operation of department stores throughout the world. "It would tend to make our planning more intelligent, which would ultimately result in expense savings and lower prices." Under the new calendar, for example, all Januaries would be alike. At present we have seven kinds of Januaries, fourteen kinds of Februaries, and seven kinds each of all the other months. How can a department store accurately compare its sales, say, in December 1954, which had four Saturdays, with sales in December 1955, which has five Saturdays? Department-store officials know the comparisons can't be precise. So some even resort to "internal calendars," which ignore the months and split the year into thirteen four-week periods. A stable calendar, according to E. C. Stephenson, vice-president of J. L. Hudson in Detroit, the nation's second largest department store, would ultimately bring "lower costs of living for everyone."

These are not isolated voices. The World Calendar has been endorsed by such organizations as the American Institute of Accountants, Canadian Retail Federation, British Empire Federation of Chambers of Commerce, the Mexican Hotel Association, the New South Wales Retail Traders Association, the Austrian Board of Trade, and both the Tokyo and Osaka chambers of commerce. Endorsements have come from such eminent groups as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and over the years from businessmen of the caliber of Gerard Swope, George F. Baker, Gano Dunn, A. P. Giannini, and Myron C. Taylor.

Recently I talked with the chairman of the board of an insurance company, the vice president of a manufacturing concern, and Cleveland E. Dodge, president of Phelps Dodge Corporation, the copper firm. All thought the World Calendar would bring real advantages to workers as well as industry. The Indian Government stated: "Government planning programs, acts of Parliament, and official records would be more easily arranged; tax assessments for millions of weekly wage-earners would be facilitated; law courts, schools, and academic institutions would be able to fix their terms on regular dates."

Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal who heads England's Greenwich Observatory, on one occasion asked: "How many of my audience can say at once how many days there are in a particular month that I might name and how many, on the other hand, could give an answer only after repeating the doggerel, 'Thirty days hath Sepetember'?" With the World Calendar no nursery rhyme will be needed. Everyone will be as familiar with the calendar as with the clock dial.

Also, Monday's child, "fair of face," will always celebrate her birthday on Monday; Tuesday's, "full of grace," on Tuesday, and so on. True, birthdays will be lost by persons of our present generation who were born on March 31, May 31, or August 31—actually, the change would affect only eight in each 1,000 population. Individuals born on December 31 will be able to celebrate on Worldsday, and those born on February 29 will now have a birthday every year.

Despite the impressive backing re-

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ceived over the years from all parts of the world, the new calendar needs help right now. In urging action, India most honestly disclaimed that it was "a matter of life and death." But plainly a stable, orderly calendar would smooth many affairs in all nations.

The attitude of the American and British foreign departments to date has been negative. But there is one fortunate aspect: both of these Governments are highly responsive to public opinion. In the United States a do-nothing policy, formulated under the Democrats, has simply been continued under Secretary Dulles. Three years ago our State Department announced that "while proposals for calendar reform have many merits, it would be extremely difficult to put such projects into effect until mass popular support within the United States has been demonstrated." It said Congress would have to take the lead before the State Department could feel "it had a mandate."

Presumably that is still State Department policy. But public pressure can change it. Individual letters to Secretary Dulles and members of Congress will help. More important, individuals can line up support of local, state, and national organizations. They all can ask Secretary Dulles to support calendar reform next May. Then, if the UN adopts a convention setting up a new calendar Congress will have its chance to ratify it.

Most international problems today are so complicated, and their solution so dependent upon technical and even secret data, that many everyday citizens feel they cannot competently give advice. But calendar reform is out in the open. There are no classified documents. Intelligent farmers, workers, housewives, business and professional men and women can speak on it authoritatively. If we do this, and do it quickly, we can end the chaos in our calendar.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Rosalind, in "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare. 2. Jean Valjean, in "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo. 3. Rodger Baskerville, in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 4. Lucas Burch, in "Light in August," by William Faulkner. 5. Edward Leeford, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens. 6. Wilfred Tasbinder, in "The Silver Whistle," by Robert E. McEnroe. 7. David Owen, in "The Green Bay Tree," by Mordaunt Shairp. 8. Gilbert Cannister, in "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," by A. E. Coppard. 9. Sir William Thornhill, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith. 10. "Mademoiselle de Maupin," by Théophile Gautier.

Christ vs. Socrates

Continued from page 8

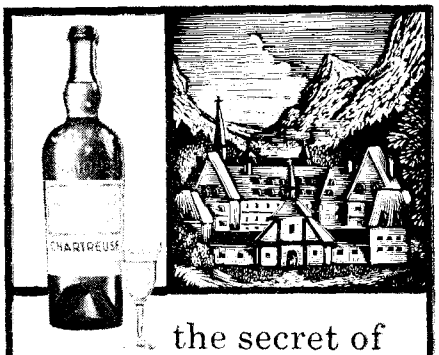
ism" so much, is singularly lacking in the spirit of charity. It is filled with the fury of self-righteousness expressed by the warring political, national, and rationalistic and pious groups. A few intellectuals, having discerned the mystery of selfhood above the level of nature, have found Christian faith incredible and have preferred the mystical way defined by—among others—Aldous Huxley in "The Perennial Philosophy." These intellectuals seem not to have noticed that this alternative does indeed assert a divine, but also a total mystery. It suggests an "eternity" which may purify, but which also annuls, history with all its strange dramas, its joys and its sorrows, its responsibilities, victories, and defeats. It also annuls the meaning of the existence of this strange creature—the human individual.

To assert that the Jesus of history is the Christ, and that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," is an affirmation of faith which insists that the variance between man and God cannot be finally overcome by the virtue of man. All human virtue remains ambiguous to the end. It can be overcome only by a "suffering" God who takes the sins of the world upon Himself.

Of course, this faith will seem quite incredible to modern men partly because they have suppressed the internal problems of the human soul for which it is the answer, and partly because they find it difficult to believe that a character and drama in history are lifted into the ultimate dimension as a clue to the very meaning and mystery of existence. They are accustomed to find the ultimate either in some eternal pattern within the flux of the temporal or (in more modern terms) to find the very flux to be the ultimate (Bergson).

Nevertheless, it is not only the modern mind which finds the affirmation that a crucified Saviour is the "very image of God" scandalous. St. Paul gloried in the fact that this faith was a scandal but nevertheless that it was, once accepted, the source of "wisdom and power." In other words, it is incredible in prospect but the source of wisdom in retrospect. It furnishes the clue through which we can make sense out of the seeming nonsense of the historical drama and the drama of our own existence.

When the problems of man are deeply felt men will come to such a faith in any age, no matter how sophisticated it may think itself. Thus,



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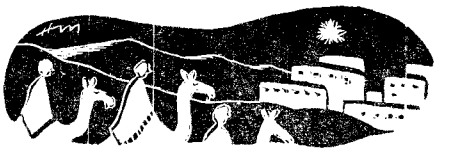
Pascal lived in an age dominated by Cartesian rationalism. He was himself a very great mathematician and scientist. He could not, of course, find peace in the knowledge of "the God of the philosophers," which means the God revealed in the rational or natural structure of things but having no word of judgment and mercy for proud and tortured human souls. We have no Pascal in our own day to match our numerous Cartesian rationalists. But Pascal's experience is undoubtedly analogous to the experience of many who have found their way back to faith in the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" even under the derision of their peers, who worried about the growing "irrationalism" and piety of a culture which had so recently celebrated its emancipation from every religious belief.

The figure of Christ in Christian faith is not that of a theophany—a miraculous appearance of the divine in history. Even those traditions which insist upon the Virgin Birth as a part of the accreditation of His divinity fully understand that He was "true man." He walked on earth, subject to the necessities of human life, and did not escape either death or the tragedy of martyrdom. But it is not in the first instance as moral exemplar that He is the key figure in Christian faith, though He is defined in the tradition as the "second Adam," who restores the lost innocence of man and defines the *summum bonum* of human life. In brief, that is the sacrificial love which His life incarnated. But when modern Christians sought to interpret Him merely as man, as moral example, in trying to adjust themselves to the prejudices of the age, they succeeded only in reducing the Christian faith to the general moral sentimentality of the age or even in aggravating that sentimentality. This was true because this view of Christ rested upon a false estimate of human nature. According to that view love was a simple possibility of human existence. The power and persistence of self-regard were obscured. An ancillary consequence was that Christian thought became as irrelevant to every political problem as did every other form of modern utopianism.

There is thus a vast difference in seeing in Jesus an exemplar of the nobility of vicarious suffering, from regarding the whole drama of His life as "the light that shineth in darkness" as a revelation of the mystery of God's justice and mercy as it comes to terms with the perpetual rebellion of human ambitions against the divine will. To regard Him as this key which resolves mystery into meaning is to look at the whole drama of human existence without either



obscuring the tragic factors in man's persistent egotism or in seeking vain methods of eliminating that egotism by mystical techniques of self-annulment or dangerous political strategies of suppressing self-interest, the most consistent form of which has generated the horrible tyranny of Communism. These alternative techniques are defined in Koestler's "The Yogi and the Commissar."

THE Christian answer to the problem is that there are indeterminate possibilities of escaping from the prison-house of self and establishing creative relations with our fellows, both by the shattering of the self-concerned self through divine judgment and by the operations of "common grace," which is to say, the erosion of egotism through our affections and responsibilities. But there is no final possibility of an ultimate redemption of the self from itself. In the end God must take the sins of human history upon Himself and heal the breach between man and God. Wherever that is recognized it is possible for sinful men to lead charitable lives because the fury of their self-righteousness has been overcome and they know themselves to be "forgiven sinners." The New Testament is full of admonitions which are well summarized in the Pauline advice "Be ye kindly affectioned one with another, forgiving each other as God also in Christ has forgiven you."

It is this sense of humility and contrition which must restore the lost charity and humaneness of an age which is submerged in all the inhumanities of self-righteous men who suppose that they can establish a more genuine "humanity" with enlightenment and moral idealism. Men do not forgive each other because they are compelled by duty to do so. This kind of charity is beyond the power of the sense of obligation. It is possible only to those who are of "broken spirit and contrite heart." In short, the principles by which modern men have sought to do justice to the drama of human existence have been inadequate to contain either the heights or the depths of the drama or the complexities of the endless variations of love and self-love in human history. The "humanitarian" principles have been drawn from either nature or reason. But man in his freedom is not contained in either nature or mind. He is able to elaborate an historical drama in which he discerns more or less rational "causes and effects," but the ultimate dimension and motif of the world transcend every system of rational intelligibility. Life ends in mystery. The issue between Christianity, with its assertion of a "revelation" which has pierced the mystery and given it meaning, and classical mysticism is whether the final mystery annuls all historical meanings or whether meaning can feed on mystery on the one hand even as it must be supported by rational intelligibility on the other hand.

A final word must be said about the way Christians enter into this debate on Christ and modern culture. They are certainly justified to call attention to ironic distortions which have overwhelmed the idealism, the humanism, and the utopianism of modern culture and have given new relevance to the Christian interpretation of life. But every lesson thus learned can be obscured if Christians fail to understand that piety as well as "idealism" can be made the servant of human self-esteem, that religion has been as fruitful of fanaticism as of charity in the past and present; that modern culture began with a justified protest against religiously inspired fanaticism; and that the religious life is frequently conventional, bigoted, narrow, and graceless. An adequate view of life from the standpoint of the Christian revelation must be able to appreciate all the virtues which may develop through cultural enlightenment and to know that religion may be the engine of cruelty.

If this is not done Christ ceases to be the mediator of the divine judgment and mercy upon all men and becomes the dubious ally of the pious "righteous" against the "secular humanists." It is certainly revealing about human nature that pious men are as rarely truly charitable as rationalists are "reasonable." This is so because both use their supposed devotion to God or the "truth" as an instrument of the self. True Christians will understand this better than the pure rationalists. But they are not true Christians if they imagine that their understanding of the mysteries of sin is a badge of virtue.

Thus, one writes apologetically of the Christian faith. A humanist and idealist generation is prepared to entertain the "moral ideals" of Jesus if only the Christians will abate their claims of His divinity. But involved in those claims is the whole Biblical view of the character of the human drama and of the self-contradiction in which all men are involved. It has become fashionable among some Christians to assert that the Christian ethic, which even secular humanists cherish, is not possible without "faith in God." We accuse the Communists of being "atheists," and imply

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that faith in God will somehow guarantee virtue. But these defenses of the faith miss the point. The question is whether the self has encountered at the ultimate reaches of consciousness the God both just and merciful, and whether the self has no illusions about itself on the one hand and no despair about the inner contradictions of the soul. The question in short is whether it has encountered the "God who is revealed in Christ." From that encounter come the "truth and grace" which make it possible to enjoy the beauty of life and to be unafraid of its terrors; to assume responsibilities in the complex tasks of achieving community and justice amidst the claims and counter-claims of men without either seeking the perfect and impossible solution or of being unconscious of the dangers of trying.

ONE word must be said about the explicit faith which must be summoned for the venture of accepting Christ as the revelation of the mystery of the divine, particularly the mystery of the divine justice and mercy. Every world view, philosophy, or religion rests upon an act of faith. But most faith is implicit rather than explicit. The commitment of faith is obscured by the belief that the view is arrived at not by faith, but by a rational analysis of the coherences of the world. The liberal idea of historical progress and the Marxist idea of an historical dialectic are both faiths; and both faiths have some evidence to support them. But they both depend upon a commitment which selects the evidence by which they are supposedly supported. Whether the faith is implicit or explicit it must ultimately be validated by the evidence, but the commitment tends to select the evidence.

The Christian commitment is more explicit than any of its secular alternatives because it deals with discontinuities rather than continuities, with the human person and with the person of God in their respective freedoms. Personality is imbedded in an order, but it rises in freedom above its organism. The relation between personalities must be by faith and love rather than by reason because persons are discrete, unique, and discontinuous; they cannot be comprehended in a rational form. In terms of Biblical faith the encounter between man and God is analogous to the encounter between persons. Personality, or any other human quality, is ascribed to God with due regard to the inadequacy of analogy. But analogy is necessary to emphasize a freedom in both God and man, above the organism of man and above the order of the world. In this encounter the fact that man has made a false use of his freedom to center life upon and in himself is discovered. Therefore, the encounter is one which produces an uneasy conscience in man. He discerns the divine judgment. The revelation in Christ assures man that there is not only judgment but mercy; that the two are facets of the same holiness and love, though justice and forgiveness stand in provisional contradiction to each other. If the judgment is accepted the forgiveness becomes a reality in a "new" life.

This is the revelation in Christ upon which the Christian church is founded and which is the capstone of a Christian view of life. The relative merits of Jesus and Socrates as exemplars of goodness have little relevance to this assurance. It must of course be accepted by faith. That is to say, there is no rational analysis of the structure of the world which compels anyone to accept the truth about himself and his relation to God. Such acceptance comes not primarily through the mind but through the whole personality. Faith requires repentance and repentance produces faith. In that sense the Christian faith is "existential." The "existing" individual ceases to be an observer of the world and comes to terms with his own situation ultimately. This observation might persuade us to say a qualifying word about Socrates. He is supposed to be the fountain and source of all rational identifications of virtue and reason. But after all it was Socrates who said "Know thyself." By that much the view of Socrates and Christ share a common "existentialism."

It is of course not easy to follow Socrates's advice within a Socratic framework. The problem of self-knowledge is essentially unsolved despite the glories of the psychological sciences. It is unsolved because the human self is a creature, and moreover a rational creature; but also one which possesses this curious yearning for the ultimate. Either the self engages in the abortive enterprise of regarding itself as ultimate (existentialism) or of losing itself, and annulling its contingent existence, in the ultimate (mysticism); or in finding itself in a dialogic relation with the divine. The revelation of Christ has meaning only in the context of such a dialogic relationship. The Christian faith stands or falls by the affirmation that true self-knowledge, in which the self becomes aware of both its dignity and its sinful self-assertion, is the fruit of such a dialogue. The Revelation in Christ is the definitive exposition of the character of the dialogue.

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Americana

Continued from page 15

ations. As for the poltroons, William Hull, Henry Dearborn, John Armstrong, and James Wilkinson, to name but a few, come off worse than ever. Although Henry Adams was a perfectionist and a little bitter, hence likely to ask too much of men in authority, I side with him in his evaluations; Mr. Tucker's evidence does not seem strong enough to persuade me to shift.

Students of weapons will not go along with Tucker on the relative effectiveness of weapons at the Battle of New Orleans. Adams said that American artillery finished off the British, but Mr. Tucker insists that small arms did it. He can take this position because he accepts the tradition that frontiersmen present fought with many rifles. On the contrary, most of the arms experts whom I know believe that rifles were scarce behind the earthwork and that muskets were the principal individual weapon. No one could be much of a marksman with a musket.

By way of ending the brief comparison of Henry Adams and his most recent successor, the following statement summarizes my judgment: Any reader wishing to study the War of 1812 might if time pressed (which it usually does) read Henry Adams and omit Glenn Tucker, but he could not reverse the process.

Turning now to the question of how well these volumes convey what people thought and did during the second war with England, there is not much in them revealing the attitudes of enlisted soldiers, low-ranking officers, and the folks they left behind. Such material is buried deep in scores of historical periodicals, or is still in manuscript; not, that is, to be found in the sources Mr. Tucker consulted. On the other hand, his volumes are well laden with anecdotes about war leaders. These anecdotes are the work's greatest strength.

While Mr. Tucker's book must take a place below its most distinguished predecessor, it is still worth reading. The text and footnotes are a real encyclopedia of human-interest material. Here, for example, you will find a speculation about the origin of the term "Uncle Sam." Any reader interested in the wars of the United States will enjoy "Poltroons and Patriots" and will refer back to it for anecdotes and curiosities. Moreover, the maps are better than one usually looks for in this day of high publishing costs, and the well-chosen contemporary pictures liven the reading.

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Fine Arts

Continued from page 17

chief obstacle to any real solution of the moderate-cost house problem is the fact that our people do not really know how to live. They imagine their idiosyncrasies to be their 'tastes,' their prejudices to be predilections, and their ignorance to be virtue—where any beauty of living is concerned."

SO THIS tract on the natural—or organic, Wright-designed—house is not one of those comfortable little books for would-be home-owners eager to please their next-door neighbors. It is the confession of faith of a great artist who feels the battle is only half won the day the clients move in. Like his father and grandfather, who could not resist preaching the Unitarian gospel, Wright is first and foremost a reformer.

Although he has set down the fundamentals of his artistic creed dozens of times before, he can't explain matters too often to suit his admirers, and from Tokyo to Tenerife his followers will be happy to hear that he has told once more the story of his struggle to advance the principles of organic architecture. Finding when he began practice in 1893 that the American house was "a bedeviled box with a fussy lid," he freed the house from its boxlike character and stressed the flow of space that has ever since been one of the goals of the best modern architects. He also did away with basements and attics and preened himself on the horizontality of his designs. "I had an idea (it still seems to be my own)," he remarks, "that the planes parallel to the earth in buildings identify themselves with the ground."

But this is only the beginning of a summary of Wright's contribution to our domestic architecture. He was always careful to make much of the nature of materials, whether brick, wood, or glass, and now he looks forward to what may be dared with steel. "Both support and supported may now by means of inserted and welded steel strands or especially woven filaments of steel and modern concrete casting be plaited and united as one physical body."

All this may sound technical set in type, but no client of Wright's would agree. He is still a hypnotist in his sixty-first year in the architectural profession, and, judging from the photographs in this book, it is no easier for a critic to keep up with his production than for a meteorologist to chart a hurricane.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1082

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Revolving around the planet Jupiter.

B. Manufacturing name of the chlorine used in bleaching.

C. Name Robert Burns used in signing his letters to Clarinda.

D. To drench.

E. De Quincey's word for loving the arts.

F. One thing they used to swear by in Shakespeare's time.

G. Unpropitious (rare).

H. Most smartly spruce.

I. Spanish poet credited with having introduced fifth string on the guitar (1550-1624).

J. Pungently.

K. Constituent part of anything.

L. Toothed wheel whose turning is controlled by two pawls.

M. Tease or annoy.

N. Cut into long narrow pieces.

O. Choke.

P. New York's ancient coffee-house and theater (proprietor; 1789-1878).

Q. Amer. bacteriologist in Boston, first diphtheria-antitoxin lab. (1856-1922).

R. Relative state with respect to purchasing power.

S. A specious appearance; to make adverse comments.

T. First woman diplomat of U.S. (1885-1954).

U. Jacob's altar (comp.).

V. *Medical term for watering* of the eyes.

W. Worthless.

X. Minister of the Republic of Texas to U.S., who effected recognition and final annexation (1802-39).

Y. Secondary; not principal.

Z. Prearrange a course of procedure *in a commercial* organization.

Z.[1] What, besides his thornbush, Moonshine carried in the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Z.[2] Formal severing of peaceful relations.

WORDS

1 191 65 69 178 57 98 154 47 80 124

76 41 28 152 109 190

35 156 117 102 6 122 169 60 27

92 163 155 32 130 3 46

42 108 182 120 166 11 151 133 23

177 121 71 114 164 179 147

34 97 189 158 26 176 170

84 125 123 36 13 66 70 116

87 88 95 64 59 144 127

131 72 8 55 100

96 143 185 167 111 38 31

7 106 134 22 142 82 91

157 103 56 14 40 110

195 153 174 12 39

148 196 159 2 187 20 113 128

104 83 139 126 44 185

18 45 33 61 141

107 140 162 190 115 21

74 63 150 62 99

9 93 145 78 52

173 79 29 146 25 149 168 101

118 172 194 119 68 77 136 10

4 48 192 75 86 16

53 15 90 193 85 188 183

171 49 94 5 17 37 89

58 137 184 160 132

43 112 24 181 51 30 161 73

67 175 138 81 105 129 135 50 54 165 19

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	1 A	2 O	3 D	4 W	■	5 Y	6 C	7 L	8 J	9 T	10 V	11 E	■	12 N	13 H
14 M	15 X	16 W	17 Y	18 Q	19 Z[2]	20 O	21 R	■	22 L	23 E	24 Z[1]	25 U	26 G	27 C	28 B	■
29 U	30 Z[1]	31 K	32 D	33 Q	34 G	35 C	36 H	■	37 Y	38 K	39 N	■	40 M	41 B	42 E	43 Z[1]
44 P	45 Q	46 D	47 A	■	48 W	49 Y	■	50 Z[2]	51 Z[1]	52 T	■	53 X	54 Z[2]	55 J	56 M	57 A
58 Z	59 I	60 C	61 Q	62 S	■	63 S	64 I	65 A	66 H	67 Z[2]	■	68 V	69 A	70 H	■	71 F
72 J	73 Z[1]	74 S	■	75 W	76 B	77 V	78 T	■	79 U	80 A	81 Z[2]	82 L	■	83 P	84 H	■
85 X	86 W	87 I	■	88 I	89 Y	90 X	91 L	92 D	■	93 T	94 Y	■	95 I	96 K	97 G	98 A
99 S	100 J	101 U	102 C	103 M	104 P	105 Z[2]	106 L	■	107 R	108 E	109 B	110 M	111 K	■	112 Z[1]	■
113 O	114 F	115 R	116 H	117 C	118 V	■	119 V	120 E	121 F	122 C	123 H	■	124 A	125 H	126 P	127 I
128 O	129 Z[2]	■	130 D	131 J	132 Z	■	133 E	134 L	135 Z[2]	136 V	■	137 Z	138 Z[2]	■	139 P	140 R
141 Q	142 L	143 K	144 I	145 T	146 U	147 F	■	148 O	149 U	150 S	151 E	152 B	153 N	154 A	■	155 D
156 C	■	157 M	158 G	159 O	160 Z	161 Z[1]	162 R	163 D	■	164 F	165 Z[2]	166 E	167 K	168 U	169 C	■
170 G	171 Y	■	172 V	173 U	174 N	175 Z[2]	176 G	177 F	■	178 A	179 F	180 B	181 Z[1]	182 E	183 X	184 Z
185 F	186 P	■	187 O	188 X	■	189 G	190 R	191 A	192 W	193 X	194 V	195 N	196 O	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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He restoreth your soul...

There's Susan Brown. She's brought Mary Lou up all alone—her daddy was killed in the war. Susan's a slight little thing, but a pillar of strength. And she's not at all ashamed to admit—she *leans* all right —on the strength of God.

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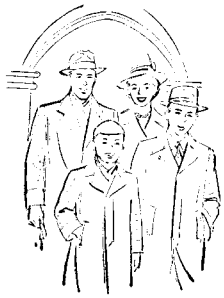

And the Wolf family here—will you just look at those boys! They're feeling very grown-up and proud as punch, going to a Service with Mom and Dad.

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